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Poetry.

LITTLE BARBARA.

BY WILL WALLACE HARNEY.

Pretty Barbara, ripe and red,
With sweet small mouth, like bees abed,
And full of nectar and honey dew;
So pretty a thing, I dare not swear
To the art of the ribbon that ties her hair,
Or the buckle that binds her shoe;
So like her each trinket she has to wear,
It seems just as if it grew,
Like a rose in its petals and pollen dust,
That wears its beauty because it must,
And something like Barbara, too.

As she dips her small tin bucket in
The little fountain of woven glass,
Lake webs that the spiders weave and spin
To hang on the shining blades of grass,
A face as bright and happy as hers,
In the nets of the silken gossamers,
Looks out of the water's smooth eclipse,
As if it was happy to hold within it
The soft vermeil red of her lips,
And kiss and caress her just for a minute,
In the arms of the dimples, smooth and still,
Ere it goes and soberly turns the mill.

For life to her in the honey-dew
Is nothing yet but the wayside spring,
Between the taper and under blue,
That makes a fetish of every thing,
As perfectly like as if it grew;
And she is too happy to see within it
The shape of her small sweet self a minute,
From the bow in the hair to the tie of her shoe,
To know that the marvellous shadows mean
The simple inner beauty that shows
But now in the color of a rose,
And now like the water's smooth eclipse,
In hearts that hold her picture still,
As we go and soberly turn the mill.

—*Harper's Magazine for August.*

Our Story Teller.

RISEN FROM THE GRAVE;

—OR—

The Dead Alive,

A Startling Story of the Franco-Prussian War.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

CHAPTER XX.

THE POLICEMAN IN PLAIN CLOTHES.

Julian looked round the room, and stopped at the door which he had just opened. His eyes rested first on Mercy, next on Grace. The disturbed faces of both the women told him but too plainly that the disaster which he had dreaded had actually happened. They had met without any third person to interfere between them. To what extremities the hostile interview might have led it was impossible for him to guess. In his aunt's presence he could only wait his opportunity of speaking to Mercy, and be ready to interpose if any thing was ignorantly done which might give just cause of offence to Grace. Lady Janet's course of action on entering the dining room was in perfect harmony with Lady Janet's character.

Instantly discovering the intruder, she looked sharply at Mercy. "What did I tell you?" she asked. "Are you frightened? No! not in the least frightened! Wonderful!" She turned to the servant. "Wait in the library; I may want you again." She looked at Julian. "Leave it all to me; I can manage it." She made a sign to Horace. "Stay where you are, and hold your tongue." Having now said all that was necessary to every one else, she advanced to the part of the room in which Grace was standing, with lowering brows and firmly shut lips, defiant of every body.

"I have no desire to offend you, or to act harshly toward you," her ladyship began, very quietly. "I only suggest that your visits to my house can not possibly lead to any satisfactory results. I hope you will not oblige me to say any harder words than these—I trust you will understand that I wish you to withdraw."

The order of dismissal could hardly have been issued with more humane consideration for the supposed mental infirmity of the person to whom it was addressed. Grace instantly resisted it in the plainest possible terms.

"In justice to my father's memory and in justice to myself," she answered, "I insist on a hearing. I refuse to withdraw." She deliberately took a chair and seated herself in the presence of the mistress of the house. Lady Janet waited a moment—steadily controlling her temper. In the interval of silence Julian seized the opportunity of remonstrating with Grace.

"If this what you promised me?" he asked, gently. "You gave me your word that you would not return to Mablethorpe House."

Before he could say more Lady Janet had got her temper under command. She began her answers to Grace by pointing with a peremptory forefinger to the library door.

"If you have not made up your mind to take my advice by the time I have walked back to that door," she said, "I will put it out of your power to set me at defiance. I am used to be obeyed, and I will be obeyed. You force me to use hard words. I warn you before it is too late. Go!"

She turned slowly toward the library. Julian attempted to interfere with another word of remonstrance. His aunt stopped him by a gesture which said, plainly, "I insist on acting for myself." He looked next at Mercy. Would she remain passive? Yes. She never lifted her head: she never moved from the place in which she was standing apart from the rest. Horace offered tried to attract her attention, and tried in vain. Arrived at the library door, Lady Janet looked over her shoulder at the little immovable black figure in the chair.

"Will you go?" she asked, for the last time.

Grace started up angrily from her seat, and fixed her viperish eyes on Mercy.

"I won't be turned out of your ladyship's house in the presence of that impostor," she said. "I may yield to force, but I will yield to nothing else. I insist on my right to the place that she has stolen from me. It's no use scolding me," she added, turning doggedly to Julian. "As long as that woman is here under my name I can't and won't keep away from the house. I warn her, in your presence, that I have written to my friends in Canada! I dare her before you all to deny that she is the outcast and adventuress, Mercy Merrick!"

The challenge forced Mercy to take part in the proceedings, in her defense. She had pledged herself to meet and defy Grace Roseberry on her own ground. She attempted to speak—Horace stopped her.

"You degrade yourself if you answer her," he said. "Take my arm, and let us leave the room."

"Yes! Take her out!" cried Grace. "She may well be ashamed to face an honest woman. It's her place to leave the room—not mine!"

Mercy drew her hand out of Horace's arm. "I decline to leave the room," she said, quietly.

Horace still tried to persuade her to withdraw. "I can't bear to hear you insulted," he rejoined. "The woman offends me, though I know she is not responsible for what she says."

"Nobody's endurance will be tried much longer," said Lady Janet. She glanced at Julian, and, taking from her pocket the card which he had given her, opened the library door.

"Go to the police station," she said to the servant in an under tone, "and give that card to the inspector on duty. Tell him there is not a moment to lose."

"Stop!" said Julian, before his aunt could close the door again.

"Stop?" repeated Lady Janet, sharply. "I have given the man his orders. What do you mean?"

"Before you send the card I wish to say a word in private to this lady," replied Julian, indicating Grace. "When that is done," he continued, approaching Mercy, and pointedly addressing himself to her, "I shall have a request to make—I shall ask you to give me an opportunity of speaking to you without interruption."

His tone pointed the allusion. Mercy shrank from looking at him. The signs of painful agitation began to show themselves in her shifting color and her uneasy silence. Roused by Julian's significantly distant reference to what had passed between them, her better impulses were struggling already to recover their influence over her. She might, at that critical moment, have yielded to the promptings of her own nobler nature—she might have risen superior to the galling remembrance of the insults that had been heaped upon her—if Grace's malice had not even in her hesitation a means of referring offensively once again to her interview with Julian Gray.

"Pray don't think twice about trusting him alone with me," she said, with a sardonic affectation of politeness. "I am not interested in making a conquest of Mr. Julian Gray."

The jealous distrust in Horace (already awakened by Julian's request) now attempted to assert itself openly. Before he could speak, Mercy's indignation had dictated Mercy's answer.

"I am much obliged to you, Mr. Gray," she said, addressing Julian (but still not raising her eyes to his). "I have nothing more to say. There is no need for me to trouble you again."

In those rash words she recalled the confession to which she stood pledged. In those rash words she committed herself to keeping the position that she had usurped, in the face of the woman whom she had deprived of it! Horace was silenced, but not satisfied. He saw Julian's eyes fixed in sad and searching attention on Mercy's face while she was speaking. He heard him sigh to himself when she had done. He observed Julian—after a moment's serious consideration, and a moment's glance backward to the stranger in the poor black clothes—lift his head with the air of a man who had taken a sudden resolution.

"Bring me that card directly," he said to the servant. His tone announced that he was not to be trifled with. The man obeyed.

Without answering Lady Janet—who still peremptorily insisted on her right to act for herself—Julian took the pencil from his pocket book and added his signature to the writing already inscribed on the card. When he had handed it back to the servant he made his apologies to his aunt.

"Pardon me for venturing to interfere," he said. "There is a serious reason for what I have done, which I will explain to you at a fitter time. In the mean while I offer no further obstruction to the course which you propose taking. On the contrary, I have just assisted you in gaining the end that you have in view."

As he said that he held up the pencil with which he had signed his name. Lady Janet, naturally perplexed, and (with some reason, perhaps) offended as well, made no answer. She waved her hand to the servant, and sent him away with the card. The eyes of all the persons present turned more or less anxiously on Julian. Mercy was vaguely surprised and alarmed. Horace, like Lady Janet, felt offended, without clearly knowing why. Even Grace Roseberry herself was subdued by her own presentiment of some coming interference for which she was completely unprepared. Julian's words and actions, from the moment when he had written on the card, were involved in mystery to which not one of the persons round him held the clew.

The motive which had animated his conduct may, nevertheless, be described in two words: Julian still held to his faith in the inbred nobility of Mercy's nature. He had inferred, with little difficulty, from the language which Grace had used toward Mercy in his presence, that the injured woman must have taken pitiless advantage of her position at the interview which he had interrupted. Instead of appealing to Mercy's sympathies and Mercy's sense of right—instead of accepting the expression of her sincere contrition, and encouraging her to make the completest and speediest atonement—Grace had evidently outraged and insulted her. As a necessary result, her endurance had given way—under her own sense of intolerable severity and intolerable wrong.

The remedy for the mischief thus done was, as Julian had first seen it, to speak privately with Grace, to soothe her by owning that his opinion of the justice of her claims had undergone a change in her favor, and then to persuade her, in her own interests, to let him carry to Mercy such expressions of apology and regret as might lead to a friendly understanding between them. With those motives, he had made his request to be permitted to speak separately to the one and the other. The scene that had followed, the new insult offered by Grace, and the answer which it had wrung from Mercy, had convinced him that no such interference as he had contemplated would have the slightest prospect of success. The one remedy now left to try was the desperate remedy of letting things take their course, and trusting implicitly to Mercy's better nature for the result. Let her see the police officer in plain clothes enter the room. Let her understand clearly what the result of his interference would be. Let her confront the alternative of consigning Grace Roseberry to a mad house or of confessing the truth—and what would happen? If Julian's confidence in her was a confidence soundly placed, she would nobly pardon the outrages that had been heaped upon her, and she would do justice to the woman whom she had wronged.

If, on the other hand, his belief in her was nothing better than the blind belief of an infatuated man—if she faced the alternative and persisted in asserting her assumed identity—what then? Julian's faith in Mercy refused to let that darker side of the question find a place in his thoughts. It rested entirely with him to bring the officer into the house. He had prevented Lady Janet from making any mischievous use of his card by sending to the police station and warning them to attend to no message which they might receive unless the card produced bore his signature. Knowing the responsibility that he was taking on himself—knowing that Mercy had made no confession to which it was possible to appeal—he had signed his name without an instant's hesitation; and there he stood now, looking at the woman whose better nature he was determined to vindicate, the only calm person in the room.

Horace's jealousy saw something suspiciously suggestive of a private understanding in Julian's earnest attention and in Mercy's downcast face. Having no excuse for open interference, he made an effort to part them.

"You spoke just now," he said to Julian, "of wishing to say a word in private to that person. (He pointed to Grace.) Shall we retire, or will you take her into the library?"

"I refuse to have any thing to say to him," Grace burst out, before Julian could answer. "I happen to know that he is the last person to do me justice. *He* has been effectually hoodwinked. If I speak to any body privately, it ought to be to you. *You* have the greatest interest of any of them in finding out the truth."

"What do you mean?"

"Do you want to marry an outcast from the streets?"

Horace took one step forward toward her. There was a look in his face which plainly betrayed that he was capable of turning her out of the house with his own hands. Lady Janet stopped him.

"You were right in suggesting just now that Grace had better leave the room," she said. "Let us all three go. Julian will remain here and give the man his directions when he arrives. Come."

No. By a strange contradiction it was Horace himself who now interfered to prevent Mercy from leaving the room. In the heat of his indignation he lost all sense of his own dignity; he descended to the level of a woman whose intellect he believed to be deranged. To the surprise of every one present, he stepped back and took from the table a jewel-case which he had placed there when he had come into the room. It was the wedding present from his mother which he had brought to his betrothed wife. His outraged self esteem seized the opportunity of vindicating Mercy by a public bestowal of the gift.

"Wait!" he called out, sternly. "That wretch shall have her answer. She has sense enough to see, and sense enough to hear. Let her see and hear!"

He opened the jewel-case, and took from it a magnificent pearl necklace in an antique setting.

"Grace," he said, with his highest distinction of manner, "my mother sends you her love and her congratulations on our approaching marriage. She begs you to accept, as part of your bridal dress, these pearls. She was married in them herself. They have been in our family for centuries. As one of the family, honored and beloved, my mother offers them to my wife."

He lifted the necklace to clasp it round Mercy's neck.

Julian watched her in breathless suspense. Would she sustain the ordeal through which Horace had innocently condemned her to pass? Yes! In the insolent presence of Grace Roseberry, what was there now that she could *not* sustain? Her pride was in arms. Her lovely eyes lighted up as only a woman's eyes *can* light up when they see jewelry. Her grand head bent gracefully to receive the necklace. Her face warmed into color; her beauty rallied her charms. Her triumph over Grace Roseberry was complete! Julian's head sank. For one sad moment he secretly asked himself the question, "Have I been mistaken in her?" Horace arrayed her in the pearls.

"Your husband puts those pearls on your neck, love," he said, proudly, and paused to look at her. "Now," he added, with a contemptuous backward glance at Grace, "we may go into the library. She has seen, and she has heard."

He believed that he had silenced her. He had simply furnished her sharp tongue with a new sting.

"*You* will hear, and *you* will see," when my proofs come from Canada," she retorted. "'You will hear' that your wife has stolen my name and my character! 'You will see' your wife dismissed from this house!"

Mercy turned on her with an uncontrollable outburst of passion.

"You are mad," she cried.

Lady Janet caught the electric infection of anger in the air of the room. She too turned on Grace. She too said it:

"You are mad!"

Horace followed Lady Janet. *He* was beside himself. *He* fixed his pitiless eyes on Grace, and echoed the contagious words:

"You are mad!"

She was silenced; she was daunted at last. The treble accusation revealed to her, for the first time, the frightful suspicion to which she had exposed herself. She shrank back, with a low cry of horror, and struck against a chair. She would have fallen if Julian had not sprung forward and caught her. Lady Janet led the way into the library. She opened the door—started—and suddenly stepped aside, so as to leave the entrance free.

A man appeared in the doorway.

He was not a gentleman; he was not a workman; he was not a servant. He was vividly dressed, in glossy black broadcloth. His frock-coat hung on him instead of fitting him. His waistcoat was too short and too tight over the chest. His trowsers were a pair of shapeless black bags. His gloves were too large for him. His highly polished boots creaked detestably whenever he moved. He had odiously watchful eyes—eyes that looked skilled in peeping through key-holes. His large ears, set forward like the ears of a monkey, pleaded guilty to meanly listening behind other people's doors. His manner was quietly confidential when he spoke, impenetrably self-possessed when he was silent. A lurking air of secret service enveloped the fellow, like an atmosphere of his own, from head to foot. He looked all round the magnificent room without betraying either surprise or admiration. He closely investigated every person in it with one glance of his cunningly watchful eyes. Making his bow to Lady Janet, he silently showed her, as his introduction, the card that had summoned him. And then he stood at ease, self revealed in his own simpleton identity—a police officer in plain clothes.

Nobody spoke to him. Every body shrank inwardly, as if a reptile had crawled into the room.

He looked backward and forward, perfectly unembarrassed, between Julian and Horace.

"Is Mr. Julian Gray here?" he asked.

Julian led Grace to a seat. Her eyes were fixed on the man. She trembled—she whispered, "Who is he?" Julian spoke to the police officer without answering her.

"Wait there," he said, pointing to a chair in the room. "I will speak to you directly."

The man advanced to the chair, marching to the discord of his creaking boots. He privately valued the carpet as so much a yard as he walked over it. He privately valued the chair as so much a dozen as he sat down on it. He was quite at ease. It was no matter to him whether he waited and did nothing, or whether he pried into the private character of every one in the room, as long as he was paid for it. Even Lady Janet's resolution to act for herself was not proof against the appearance of the policeman in plain clothes. She left it to her nephew to take the lead. Julian glanced at Mercy before he stirred further in the matter. He alone knew that the end rested now not with him, but with her. She felt his eye on her while her own eyes were looking at the man. She turned her head—hesitated—and suddenly approached Julian. Like Grace Roseberry, she was trembling. Like Grace Roseberry, she whispered, "Who is he?"

Julian told her plainly who he was.

"Why is he here?"

"Can't you guess?"

"No."

Horace left Lady Janet, and joined Mercy and Julian—impatient of the private colloquy between them.

"Am I in the way?" he inquired.

Julian drew back a little, understanding Horace perfectly. He looked round at Grace. Nearly the whole length of the spacious room divided them from the place in which she was sitting. She had never moved since he had placed her in a chair. The direst of terrors was in possession of her—terror of the unknown. There was no fear of her interfering, and no fear of her hearing what they said so long as they were careful to speak in guarded tones. Julian set the example by lowering his voice.

"Ask Horace why the police officer is here?" he said to Mercy.

"She put the question directly. "Why is he here?"

Horace looked across the room at Grace, and answered, "He is here to relieve us of that woman."

"Do you mean that he will take her away?"

"Yes."

"Where will he take her to?"

"To the police station."

Mercy started, and looked at Julian. He was still watching the slightest changes in her face. She looked back again at Horace.

"To the police station!" she repeated. "What for?"

"How can you ask the question?" said Horace, irritably. "To be placed under restraint, of course."

"Do you mean to prison?"

"I mean an asylum."

Again Mercy turned to Julian. There was horror now, as well as surprise, in her face. "Oh!" she said to him, 'Horace is surely wrong. It can't be?"

Julian left it to Horace to answer. Every faculty in him seemed to be still absorbed in watching Mercy's face. She was compelled to address herself to Horace once more.

"What sort of an asylum?" she asked. "You don't surely mean a mad house?"

"I do," he replied. "The work-house first, perhaps—and then the mad-house. What is there to surprise you in that? You yourself told her to her face she was mad. Good heavens! how pale you are! What is the matter?"

She turned to Julian for the third time. The terrible alternative that was offered to her had showed itself at last, without reserve or disguise. Restore the identity that you have stolen, or shut her up in a mad-house—it rests with you to choose! In that form the situation shaped itself in her mind. She chose on the instant. Before she opened her lips the higher nature in her spoke to Julian, in her eyes. The steady inner light that he had seen in them once already shone in them again, brighter and purer than before. The conscience that he had fortified, the soul that he had saved, looked at him and said, Doubt us no more!

"Send that man out of the house."

Those were her first words. She spoke (pointing to the police officer) in clear, ringing, resolute tones, audible in the remotest corner of the room.

Julian's hand stole unobserved to hers, and told her, in its momentary pressure, to count on his brotherly sympathy and help. All the other persons in the room looked at her in speechless surprise. Grace rose from her chair. Even the man in plain clothes started to his feet. Lady Janet (hurriedly joining Horace, and fully sharing his perplexity and alarm) took Mercy impulsively by the arm, and shook it, as if to rouse her to a sense of what she was doing. Mercy held firm; Mercy resolutely repeated what she had said: "Send that man out of the house."

Lady Janet lost all patience with her. "What has come to you?" she asked, sternly. "Do you know what you are saying? The man is here in your interest, as well as in mine; the man is here to spare you, as well as me, further annoyance and insult. And you insist—insist, in my presence—on his being sent away! What does this mean?"

"You shall know what it means, Lady Janet, in half an hour. I don't insist—I only reiterate my entreaty. Let the man be sent away!"

Julian stepped aside (with his aunt's eyes angrily following him) and spoke to the police officer. "Go back to the station," he said, "and wait there till you hear from me."

The uneasy vigilant eyes of the man in plain clothes traveled sidelong from Julian to Mercy, and valued her beauty as they had valued the carpet and the chairs. "The old story," he thought. "The nice looking woman is always at the bottom of it; and, sooner or later, the nice looking woman has her way." He marched back across the room, to the discord of his own creaking boots bowed, with a villainous smile which put the worst construction on every thing, and vanished through the library door. Lady Janet's high breeding restrained her from saying any thing until the police officer was out of hearing. Then, and not till then, she appealed to Julian.

"I presume you are in the secret of this?" she said. "I suppose you have some reason for setting my authority at defiance in my own house?"

"I have never yet failed to respect your ladyship," Julian answered. "Before long you will know that I am not failing in respect toward you now."

Lady Janet looked across the room. Grace was listening eagerly, conscious that events had taken some mysterious turn in her favor within the last minute.

"Is it part of your new arrangement of my affairs," her ladyship continued, "that this person shall remain in the house?"

The terror that had daunted Grace had not lost all hold of her yet. She left it to Julian to reply. Before he could speak Mercy crossed the room and whispered to her, "Give me time to confess it in writing. I can't own it before them—with this round my neck." She pointed to the necklace. Grace cast a threatening glance at her, and suddenly looked away again in silence. Mercy answered Lady Janet's question. "I beg your ladyship to permit her to remain until the half-hour is over," she said. "My request will have explained itself by that time."

Lady Janet raised no further obstacles. Something in Mercy's face, or in Mercy's tone, seemed to have silenced her, as it had silenced Grace. Horace was the next who spoke. In tones of suppressed rage and suspicion he addressed himself to Mercy, standing fronting him by Julian's side.

"Am I included," he asked, "in the arrangement which engages you to explain your extravagant conduct in half an hour?"

His hand had placed his mother's wedding present round Mercy's neck. A sharp pang wrung her as she looked at Horace, and saw how deeply she had already distressed and offended him. The tears rose in her eyes; she humbly and faintly answered him.

"If you please," was all she could say, before the cruel swelling at her heart rose and silenced her.

Horace's sense of injury refused to be soothed by such simple submission as this.

"I dislike mysteries and inuendoes," he went on, harshly. "In my family circle we are accustomed to meet each other frankly. Why am I to wait half an hour for an explanation which might be given now? What am I to wait for?"

Lady Janet recovered herself as Horace spoke.

"I entirely agree with you," she said. "I ask, too, what we are to wait for?"

Even Julian's self-possession failed him when his aunt repeated that cruelly plain question. How would Mercy answer it. Would her courage still hold out?

"You have asked me what you are to wait for," she said to Horace quietly and firmly. "Wait to hear something more of Mercy Merrick." Lady Janet listened with a look of weary disgust.

"Don't return to *that*!" she said. "We know enough about Mercy Merrick already."

"Pardon me—your ledyship does not know. I am the only person who can inform you."

"You?" She bent her head respectfully.

"I have begged you, Lady Janet, to give me half an hour," she went on. "In half an hour I solemnly engage myself to produce Mercy Merrick, in this room, Lady Janet Roy, Mr. Horace Holmcroft, you are to wait for that."

Steadily pledging herself in those terms to make her confession, she unclasped the pearls from her neck, put them away in their case, and placed it in Horace's hand. "Keep it," she said, with a momentary faltering in her voice, "until we meet again."

Horace took the case in silence; he looked and acted like a man whose mind was paralyzed by surprise. His hand moved mechanically. His eyes followed Mercy with a vacant, questioning look. Lady Janet seemed, in her different way, to share the strange oppression that had fallen on him. A vague sense of dread and distress hung like a cloud over her mind. At that memorable moment she felt her age, she looked her age, as she had never felt or looked it yet.

"Have I your ladyship's leave," said Mercy, respectfully, "to go to my room?"

Lady Janet mutely granted the request. Mercy's last look, before she went out, was a look at Grace. "Are you satisfied now?" the grand gray eyes seemed to say, mournfully. Grace turned her head aside, with a quick, petulant action. Even her narrow nature opened for a moment unwillingly, and let pity in a little way, in spite of itself.

Mercy's parting words recommended Grace to Julian's care:

"You will see that she is allowed a room to wait in? You will warn her yourself when the half-hour has expired?"

Julian opened the library door for her.

"Well done! Nobly done!" he whispered. "All my sympathy is with you—all my help is yours."

Her eyes looked at him, and thanked him, through her gathering tears. His own eyes were dimmed. She passed quietly down the room, and was lost to him before he had shut the door again.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

For the Blade.

ANDERSONVILLE.

A STORY OF SOUTHERN PRISONS.

The Life of a Prisoner of War in Richmond, Andersonville, Savannah, Millen, Charleston and Florence.

BY A PRIVATE SOLDIER.

[Copyright Secured, 1878.]

CHAPTER LXII.

GETTING USED TO FREEDOM.

After a sound sleep Andrews and I awoke to the enjoyment of our first day of freedom and existence in God's country. The sun had already risen, bright and warm, consonant with the happiness of the new life now opening up for us. But to nearly a score of our party, his beams brought no awakening gladness. They fell upon stony, staring eyes, from out of which the light of life had now faded, as the light of hope had done long ago. The dead lay there upon the rude beds of fallen leaves, scraped together by thoughtful comrades the night before, their clenched teeth showing through lips, blue, faces fleshless and, pinched, long unkempt and ragged hair and whiskers just stirred by the lazy breeze, the rotting feet and limbs drawn up, and many hands clenched in the last agonies. Their fate seemed harder than that of any who had died before them. It was doubtful if any of them knew that they were at last inside of our own lines.

Again the kind-hearted boys of the brigade crowded around us with proffers of service. Of an Ohio boy who directed his kind tenders to Andrews and I we procured a chunk of coarse rosin soap about as big as a pack of cards, and a towel. Never was there as much solid comfort got out of that much soap as we obtained. It was the first that we had since that which I stole in Wirz's head quarters, in Junen—nine months before. We felt that the dirt which had accumulated upon us since then would subject us to assessment as real estate if we were in the North. Hurrying off to a little creek we began our ablutions, and it was not long until Andrews declared that there was a perceptible sand bar forming in the stream, from what we washed off. Dirt deposits of the pliocene era rolled off of feet and legs. Eocene incrustations let loose reluctantly from neck and ears; the hair was a mass of tangled locks matted with pitch pine tar, rosin soot, and South Carolina sand that we did not think we had better start in upon until we either had the shock cut off, or had a whole ocean and a vat of soap to wash it out with. After scrubbing until we were exhausted, we got off the first few outer layers—the post tertiary formation, a geologist would term it,—and the smell of many breakfasts cooking coming down over the hill set our stomachs in a mutiny against any longer fasting.

We went back, rosy, panting, glowing, but happy, to get ourselves some breakfast.

Should Providence, for some inscrutable reason, vouchsafe me the years of Methuselah, one of the pleasantest recollections that will abide with me to the close of the 969th year, will be of that delightful odor of cooking food which regaled our senses as we came back. From the boiling coffee and the meat frying in the pan rose an incense sweeter to the senses a thousand times than all the perfumes of far Arabia. It differed from the loathsome odor of cooking corn meal as much as it did from the effluvia of a sewer. Our noses were the first of our senses to bear testimony that we had passed from the land of starvation to that of plenty. Andrews and I hastened off to get our own breakfast, and soon had a half gallon of strong coffee, and a frying pan full of meat cooking over the fire—not one of the beggarly skimped little fires we had crouched over during four months of imprisonment, but a royal generous fire, fed with logs instead of shavings and splinters, and giving out heat enough to warm a regiment.

Having eaten positively all that we could swallow, those of us who could walk were ordered to fall in and march over to Wilmington. We crossed the Brunswick River on a pontoon bridge, and took the road that led across the narrow sandy peninsula between the Brunswick and Cape Fear Rivers—Wilmington being situated on the opposite bank of the latter stream. When about half way a shout from some one in advance caused us to look up, and then we saw, flying from a tall steeple in Wilmington, the glorious old Stars and Stripes, resplendent in the morning sun, and more beautiful than the most gorgeous web from Tyrian looms. We stopped with one accord, and shouted and cheered and cried—until every throat was sore and eye red and blood-shot. It seemed as if our cup of happiness would certainly run over if any more additions were made to it.

When we arrived at the bank of the river opposite Wilmington a whole world of new and interesting sights opened up before us. Wilmington during the last year-and-a-half of the war was, next to Richmond, the most important place in the Southern Confederacy. It was the only port to which blockade running was at all safe enough to be lucrative. The Rebels held the strong forts of Caswell and Fisher at the mouth of Cape Fear River, and outside, the Frying Pan Shoals, which extended along the coast for 40 or 50 miles, kept our blockading fleet so far off, and made the line so weak and scattered, that there was comparatively little risk to the small, swift-sailing vessels employed by the blockade runners in running through it. The only way that blockade running could be stopped was by the reduction of Forts Calswell and Fisher, and it was not stopped until this was done.

Before the war Wilmington was a dull, sleepy North Carolina town, with as little animation of any kind as a Breton Village. The only business was the handling of the tar, turpentine, rosin, and peanuts produced in the surrounding country, a business never lively enough to excite more than a lazy ripple in the sluggish lagoons of trade. But very new wine was put into this old bottle when blockade running began to develop in importance. Then this Sleepy Hollow of a place took on the appearance of San Francisco in the hight of the gold fever. The English houses engaged in blockade running established branches there conducted by young men who lived like Princes. All the best houses in the City were leased by them and fitted up in the most gorgeous style. They literally clothed themselves in purple and fine linen and fared sumptuously every day, with their fine wines and imported delicacies and retinues of servants to wait upon them. Fast young Rebel officers, eager for a season of dissipation, could imagine nothing better than a leave of absence to go to Wilmington. Money flowed like water. The common sailors—the scum of all foreign ports—who manned the blockade runners, received as high as $100 in gold per month, and a bounty of $50 for every successful trip, which from Nassau could be easily made in seven days. Other people were paid in proportion, and as the old proverb says, "What comes over the Devil's back is spent under his breast," the money so obtained was squandered recklessly, and all sorts of debauchery ran riot.

On the ground where we were standing had been erected several large steam cotton presses, built to compress cotton for the blockade runners. Around them were stored immense quantities of cotton, and near by were nearly as great stores of turpentine, rosin and tar. A little farther down the river was a navy yard with docks, etc., for the accommodation, building and repair of blockade runners. At the time our folks took Fort Fisher and advanced on Wilmington the docks were filled with vessels. The retreating Rebels set fire to everything—cotton, cotton presses, turpentine, rosin, tar, navy yard, naval stores, timber, docks, and vessels, and the fire made clean work. Our people arrived too late to save anything, and when we came in the smoke from the burned cotton, turpentine, etc., still filled the woods. It was a signal illustration of the ravages of war. Here had been destroyed, in a few hours, more property than a half-million industrious men would accumulate in their lives.

Almost as gratifying as the sight of the old flag flying in triumph was the exhibition of our naval power in the River before us. The larger part of the great North Atlantic squadron, which had done such excellent service in the reduction of the defenses of Wilmington, was lying at anchor, with their hundreds of huge guns yawning as if ardent for more great forts to beat down, more vessels to sink, more heavy artillery to crush, more Rebels to conquer. It seemed as if there were cannon enough there to blow the whole Confederacy into kingdom come. All was life and animation around the fleet. On the decks the officers were pacing up and down. One on each vessel carried a long telescope, with which he almost constantly swept the horizon. Numberless small boats, each rowed by neatly uniformed men, and carrying a flag in the stern, darted hither and thither, carrying officers on errands of duty or pleasure. It was such a scene as enabled me to realize in a measure the descriptions I had read of the pomp and circumstance of naval warfare.

While we were standing contemplating all the interesting sights within view, a small steamer, about the size of a canal boat, and carrying several bright brass guns, ran swiftly and noiselessly up to the dock near by, and a young pale faced officer, slender in build and nervous in manner, stepped ashore. Some of the blue jackets who were talking to us, looked at him and the vessel with the greatest expression of interest, and said:

"Hello! There's the 'Monticello' and Lieut Cushing."

This, then, was the naval boy hero, with whose exploits the whole country was ringing. Our sailor friends proceeded to tell us of his achievements, of which they were justly proud. They told us of his perilous scouts, and his hairbreadth escapes, of his wonderful audacity, and still more wonderful success—of his capture of towns with a handful of sailors, and the destruction of valuable stores, etc. I felt very sorry that the man was not a cavalry commander. There he would have had full scope for his peculiar genius. He had come prominently into notice in the preceding Autumn, when he had, by one of the most daring performances narrated in naval history, destroyed the formidable ram "Albermarle." This vessel had been constructed by the Rebels on the Roanoke River, and had done them very good service, first by assisting to reduce the forts and capture the garrison at Plymouth, N. C., and afterward in some minor engagements. In October 1864 she was lying at Plymouth. Around her was a boom of logs to prevent sudden approaches of boats or vessels from our fleet. Cushing, who was then barely 21, resolved to attempt her destruction. He fitted up a steam launch with a long spar to which he attached a torpedo. On the night of October 27th, with 13 companions he ran quietly up the Sound and was not discovered until his boat struck the boom, when a terrific fire was opened upon him. Backing a short distance, he ran at the boom with such velocity that his boat leaped across it into the water beyond. In an instant more his torpedo struck the side of the "Albemarle" and exploded, tearing a great hole in her hull, which sank her in a few minutes. At the moment the torpedo went off the "Albermarle" fired one of her great guns directly into the launch, tearing it completely to pieces. Lieut. Cushing and one comrade rose to the surface of the seething water and, swimming ashore, escaped. What became of the rest is not known, but their fate can hardly be a matter of doubt.

We were ferried across the River into Wilmington, and marched up the streets to some vacant ground near the railroad depot, where we found most of our old Florence comrades already assembled. When they left us in the middle of February they were taken to Wilmington, and thence to Goldsboro', N. C., where they were kept until the rapid closing in of our armies made it impracticable to hold them any longer, when they were sent back to Wilmington and given up to our forces as we had been.

It was now nearly noon, and we were ordered to fall in and draw rations, a bewildering order to us, who had been so long in the habit of drawing food but once a day. We fell in in single ranks and marched up, one at a time, past where a group of employes of the Commissary Department dealt out the food. One handed each prisoner as he passed a large slice of meat, another gave him a handful of ground coffee, a third a handful of sugar; a fourth gave him a pickle, while a fifth and sixth handed him an onion and a loaf of fresh bread. This filled the horn of our plenty full. To have all these in one day—meat, coffee, sugar onions and soft bread—was simply to riot in undreamed of luxury. Many of the boys—poor fellows—could not yet realize that there was *enough* for all, or they could not give up their old "flanking" tricks, and they stole around, and falling into the rear, came up again for another share. We laughed at them, as did the commissary men, who, nevertheless, duplicated the rations already received, and sent them away happy and content.

What a glorious dinner Andrews and I had, with our half gallon of strong coffee, our soft bread, and a pan full of fried pork and onions! Such an enjoyable feast will never be eaten again by us.

Here we saw negro troops under arms for the first time—the most of the organization of colored soldiers having been done since our capture. It was startling at first to see a stalwart coal black negro stalking along with a Sergeant's chevrons on his arm, or to gaze on a regimental line of dusky faces on dress parade, but we soon got used to it. The first strong peculiarity of the negro soldier that impressed itself upon us was his literal obedience of orders. A white soldier usually allows himself considerable discretion in obeying orders—he aims more at the spirit, while the negro adheres to the strict letter of the command.

For instance, the second day after our arrival a line of guards were placed around us, with orders not to allow any of us to go up town without a pass. The reason of this was that many weak—even dying—men would persist in wandering about, and would be found exhausted, frequently dead, in various parts of the City. Andrews and I concluded to go up town. Approaching a negro sentinel he warned us back with

"Stand back, dah; don't come any fur der; it's agin de awdahs; you can't pass."

He would not allow us to argue the case, but brought his gun to such a threatening position that we fell back. Going down the line a little farther, we came to a white sentinel, to whom I said:

"Comrade, what are your orders?"

He replied:

"My orders are not to let any of you fellows pass, *but my beat only extends to that outhouse there.*"

Acting on this plain hint we walked around the house, and went up town. The guard simply construed his orders in a liberal spirit. He reasoned that the order hardly applied to us, since we were evidently able to take care of ourselves.

Later we had another illustration of this dog-like fidelity of the colored sentinel. A number of us were quartered in a large and empty warehouse. On the same floor, and close to us were a couple of very fine horses belonging to some officer. We had not been in the warehouse very long until we concluded that the straw with which the horses were bedded would be better used in making couches for ourselves, and this suggestion was instantly acted upon, and so thoroughly that there was not a straw left between the animals and the bare boards. Presently the owner of the horses came in, and he was greatly incensed at what had been done. He relieved his mind of a few sulphurous oaths, and going out, came back soon with a man with more straw, and a colored soldier whom he stationed by the horses, and he said to the latter:

"Now, look here. You mus'n't let any body take any thing away from these stalls; d'you understand me? not a thing."

He then went out. Andrews and I had just finished cooking dinner, and were sitting down to eat it. Wishing to lend our frying pan to another mess, I looked around for something to lay our meat upon. Near the horses I saw a piece of a look cover, which would answer the purpose admirably. Springing up, I skipped across to where it was, snatched it up, and ran back to my place. As I reached it a yell from the boys made me look around. The darkey was coming at me with "full tilt," with his gun at a "charge bayonets!" As I turned he said:

"Put dat right back dar!"

I said:

"Why, this don't amount to anything, this is only an old book cover. It hasn't anything in the world to do with the horses."

He only replied:

"Put dat right back dah!"

I tried another appeal:

"Now, you woolly headed son of thunder, haven't you got sense enough to know that the officer who posted you didn't mean such a thing as this? He only meant that we should not be allowed to take any of the horses' bedding or equipments; don't you see?"

I might as well have reasoned with a cigar store Indian. He set his teeth, his eyes showed a dangerous amount of white, and foreshortening his musket for a lunge, he hissed out again:

"Put dat right back dah, I tell you!"

I looked at the bayonet; it was very long, very bright, and very sharp. It gleamed cold and chilly like, as if it had not run through a man for a long time, and yearned for another opportunity. Nothing but the whites of the darkey's eyes could now be seen. I did not want to perish there in the fresh bloom of my youth and loveliness; it seemed to me as if it was my duty to reserve myself for fields of future usefulness, so I walked back and laid the book cover precisely on the spot whence I had obtained it, while the thousand boys in the house set up a yell of sarcastic laughter.

We staid in Wilmington a few days, days of almost purely animal enjoyment—the joy of having just as much to eat as we could possibly swallow, and no one to molest or make us afraid in any way. How we did eat—and fill up. The wrinkles in our skins smoothed out under the stretching, and we began to feel as if we were returning to our olden plumpness, though so far the plumpness was wholly abdominal.

One morning we were told that the transports would begin going back with us that afternoon, the first that left taking the sick. Andrews and I, true to our old prison practices, resolved to be among those on the first boat. We slipped through the guards and going up town, went straight to Maj. Gen. Schof

THE WEEKLY BLADE.

TOLEDO BLADE CO., Pubrs.

TOLEDO, O., THURSDAY, JULY 17, 1879.

OUR CLUB LIST.

We have made arrangements with the publishers enabling us to send the BLADE and either of the following publications for the prices annexed (postage pre-paid):

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Our agents everywhere are authorized to receive subscriptions at the above rates. In making this proposition we only stipulate that we must receive at the SAME TIME one subscriber of THE BLADE for each copy of any other publication ordered from the list. They need not both be sent to the same person, not even to the same Postoffice, and in renewing their subscriptions, old as well as new subscribers may avail themselves of the offer. The magazines and papers are all sent direct from the offices of publication to subscribers, so that there will be no delay in their receipt. No subscriptions received at the above rates for less than one year.

Please remember that we CANNOT ALLOW COMMISSIONS on subscriptions for the above named papers and magazines, except for THE BLADE, as stated.

As is the invariable custom in all newspaper offices, a subscription year is reckoned as FIFTY-TWO WEEKS.

CAPT. JOHN BROWN, jr., has gone to Topeka, Kansas to aid the immigration. The Railroads generally have sent him passes.

BOSTON *Commercial Bulletin:*

There is one field of labor that women can never enter—collecting bills, for "woman's work is never dun."

NEW YORK *Tribune:* If there is a break in the Republican ranks anywhere it is too microscopic to be seen by the naked eye.

NEW YORK *Tribune:* The extra session cost the country $1,000,000 and the Democratic party about 2,000,000 votes. Not a bad trade after all.

NEW YORK *Herald:* "A country girl, while on a train at Cape May, was asked if she might be helped to alight, and she replied that she did not smoke."

PHILADELPHIA *Bulletin:* Mrs. Sippi, who has been suffering so much from dryness of the mouth, has found a friend in EAD, who is a friend indeed.

A CALIFARNIAN writes to the New York *Sun* that the new Constitution "has killed the Democratic party in the State dead as than ANDREW JACKSON."

THE man who proposes any change in our monetary system is a deadly enemy of our manufacturers, and would cripple them in their struggle with foreign competitors.

GRACE GREENWOOD says that "among its other admirable manufactures, New England produces the best educated girls, the truest wives, the noblest mothers, and the most glorious old maids in the world."

IN every aspect, the breaking out of the epidemic in Memphis is unfortunate. Even if it should go no farther, it will do incalculable injury to the South, by the fears it will arouse, and the disturbance of all sorts of business.

THE Maine Republicans have nominated for Governor a man who served through the war in the ranks of one of the best of the many good regiments she sent to the front. His discharge reads: "*Corporal* WILLIAM DAVIS, Co. E, First Maine Cavalry."

DETROIT *Free Press:* Sea bathing may have charms for the spindle-legged men and flat-footed women, but what can exceed the satisfaction of crawling across 10 acres of sweet-scented clover to steal a peck of yellow harvest apples and eat them in the shade of a barn filled with new mown hay?

MAINE and Ohio are to lend each other helping hands. Messrs. GARFIELD, BUTTERWORTH and UPDEGRAFF are going to Maine to make speeches, and Messrs. BLAINE, FRYE and REED are coming here. FRANK MCKINNEY has also gone to Maine in search of speskers for the Democratic side.

THINGS are never "just to suit" people in this world. Chicago, with he drectory just fixed up to show 537,000 population wants the new Cardinal promise spoken of for America, but finds that her highest Catholic prelate, is only a Bishop, when it takes an Arehbishop to make a Cardinal from.

SEN. CHANDLER'S stalwartism is stiffening up daily. On his way home he said to a reporter of the Pittsburg *Gazette:*

I think it is time for something even more stalwart yet. I think the Republican party has a mission yet, and the way to accomplish it is not to go at it in a strong, honest, straightforward way. There should be no squeamish sentimentality about it. I believe that the party is bound to win. If I can judge of the people, I am satisfied they have made up their minds that the Republican party is the party to stand by. The "give way" policy has not promised any fruit that the loyal North is hankering after.

MEMPHIS'S hour has come again. She refused to profit by her terrible experience last year. As soon as the scourge ceased, her people put the remembrance of the dreadful past behind them, and acted as if a recurrence of the epidemic was an impossibility. While their streets were sewers of festering filth, and every ray of sunlight incubated a disease spore, they went on with their revelings and merry makings, their Mardi Gras foolery, and their tournaments of vanity and folly. To caper about the streets in the tinsel of medieval idiocy was "Southron" and "chivalrous." To clear the streets of the seeds of death for thousands, would have been "base," "low-born," "Nawthern," so they did not do it, and the Grim Reaper laughed as he whetted his scythe for the harvest

ORIGIN OF STATES RIGHTS.

States Rights were born of the petty jealousies and discords of Colonial days. That was an era of provincialism all over the civilized world. The doctrine of the brotherhood of man was imperfectly recognized anywhere. French, English, Germans, Spanish and Italians mutually hated and despised each other, arrogated to themselves all the human virtues, and denounced all the rest for possessing all the despicable qualities that debase mankind. Nor did this stop with race or national lines. Each one of these peoples were divided again into hundreds and thousands of petty jarring factions, eternally at war over differences in religion, sect, trade, location, occupation, and hundreds of other things that would afford an excuse for quarreling. Germany, now one great and powerful Empire, with a homogeneous people pursuing jointly the paths toward prosperity and happiness, was then broken up into about 40 more or less petty States, some not as big as one of our Townships, nor as important in any way as an Ohio "City of the Second Class." Each had its mint, its coinage, its own system of weights and measures, its tariff, and custom houses, its petty little Court, and equally petty little potentate for a ruler, and a world of little mean, nagging laws directed against those who lived outside its narrow boundaries Each thought itself the choicest spot on earth, and its institutions the noblest products of human genius, and despised all other people not so favored of fortune. A traveler driving a good team would in a week's time pass through a half-dozen of these Lilliputian Principalities, seeing a new flag flying every day, and being stopped at the Custom House barriers on Tuesday by quite a different crowd of servants of His Serene Highness, from the band of officers of His Eminent Uselessness, who interfered with his progress on Monday.

While other nations were not cut up by political divisions, they suffered nearly as badly from other forms of dissension. Catholic and Protestant, City and country, mechanic and farmer, commercial and professional, clergy and nobility all hated and strove against each other. In Great Britain English, Scotch and Irish disliked each other exceedingly, and in turn the people of minor divisions in the same kingdom were mutually hostile. People of Kent and Yorkshire liked each other but little better than either loved the Scotch or Irish. Lowlanders and Highlanders saw as many faults in those separated by the Grampian Hills, as in those who lived beyond the Tweed or the Irish sea, while North and South Irish were as ready to take up arms against each other as against the French or English.

The same narrowness of views prevailed among the Colonies on this side of the Ocean. Catholic Canada, Presbyterian Massachusetts, Baptist Rhode Island, Congregational Connecticut, Lutheran New York, Quaker Pennsylvania, Episcopalian Virginia and Hugenot South Carolina, all detested, feared, and underestimated each other. They bound themselves up in their narrow, absurd prejudices, treated each other's citizens as aliens and enemies, had their own coinage, weights, measures and tariffs, and in general conducted themselves very much as the people of the 7x9 German Duchies and Principalities did.

The pestilent demagogues of those days, the progenitors of the leaders of the Democracy, the men who sought leadership and control by ministering to baseless hates and prejudices, fostered and encouraged this contracted provincialism. They achieved all their prominence by exciting their own people against all outside of their own colonial boundaries, and it was this class of malevolents that gave WASHINGTON, HAMILTON, FRANKLIN, ADAMS, and the other great statesmen of those days more trouble than the Tories and British. The clear-sighted men of whom WASHINGTON was the figure-head, and HAMILTON and ADAMS the intellectual leaders, held to the Continental idea, which involved the amalgamation of all the scattered colonies into one Nation, and their success in reducing this idea to practice was closely connected with their success in prosecuting the war. Had they been as successful in inducing the Canadians to forgo their colonial prejudices as they were the people of New England, New York, Pennsylvania and Virginia, the Revolution would have been brought to an end in half the time.

Their military operations were continually embarrassed by the outcroppings of the provincial spirit. Demagogues, asserting Provincial Rights, as they now do States Rights, lost no opportunity of paralyzing general effort by the Continental authorities and forces. No effort was left untried to excite dissatisfaction over favors shown one colony, or one colony's forces over another. The strongest proof of the genius of WASHINGTON and HAMILTON, and those associated with them, is not that they fought a successful war with the slender forces at their disposal, but that they met and thwarted all these efforts to divide and antagonize the allied Colonies, and the gave still farther proof of their wise statecraft, in foiling the same dismembering tendencies in the Convention which made the 13 Colonies one Nation. They did their work so well then, that it was many years before JEFFERSON, intent upon a bit of political trickery to disturb JOHN ADAMS' administration, ventured to revive the old troubles by securing the passage by Virginia and Kentucky of the evil fruited "Resolutions of '98."

POOR Lieut. CAREY is likely to have no end of trouble about the Prince Imperial's death. They are court-martialling him for running away and leaving the young NAPOLEON to his fate, and it is likely that it will be made to go hard with him. The thing seems as absurdly wrong as the story that the Prince lost his life because his saddle skirts tore when he tried to mount. In the first place CAREY and his companions did what any scouting party does when it runs into a hornet's nest of the enemy—galloped away out of range as fast as possible. It would have been the most utter foolishness for them to have done anything else. To say that five or six mounted men should halt and engage an ambushed line of infantry is to talk nonsense. Then if the Prince knew anything in the world of horsemanship he did not lay hold of his saddle skirts in attempting to mount. Ordinarily he would put his hand on his horse's mane, or the pommel or the cantel of the saddle, or, if he was trying to keep up with the flying animal, he would catch the stirrups, but the skirts, never.

A NATION OR A LEAGUE.

Mr. HURD's plea for State's rights, secession, and disunion was a very pretty bit of special pettifogging—an ingenious contortion of words and phrases from the Constitution and other sources, into meaning something totally different from what the authors intended, and which, if they had ever meant so, would have been construed entirely different by the results of the war. It was such an argument as we might expect from an acute, but narrow-minded lawyer, deficient in the mental grasp which seizes great principles and builds up a reasoning upon their broad basis; which, neglecting the spirit of documents and contracts, falls upon their letter, wrenching and warping to suit their purposes.

The point Mr. HURD endeavored to make lay on the extremest boundaries of Calhounism. He went certainly as far as the great archetype of secession ever dared go in his advocacy of the supremacy of the State over the United States—or, as Mr. HURD phrased it, the "Creator over the Creature." He brought forward nothing new, however, in this traversal of grounds which the Rebels themselves were forced to abandon when they constructed their Southern Confederacy. They did not then constitute a league as Mr. HURD would make out the United States to be, with privilege for each member to go out and come in at pleasure. Their first effort was the formation of a strong central Government with almost unlimited power over the States. There was no silly chatter about using the State's troops only inside of State limits. The whole of the Trans-Mississippi department was drained of its troops to defend the State of Virginia. Had any State attempted to withdraw from the Confederacy, or nullify the laws enacted in Richmond, the Rebel conspirators would have taken the occasion to read them a sharp lesson to the effect that such conduct was unendurable. But, while what the Rebel leaders may have done in the premises may not be pertinent to the logical view of the case, there are some premises which are vital in the discussion, which Mr. HURD has totally ignored.

First, since verbal hair-splitting is Mr. HURD's style, we may inquire as to his interpretation of the first sentence of the Constitution:

We the people of the United States, in order to form a more perfect union, establish justice, insure domestic tranquility, provide for the common defense, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity, do ordain and establish this Constitution for the United States of America.

Now, let us suppose that as Mr. HURD says, the Constitution is a mere contract or treaty, to be construed as closely and literally as a lease or a contract for land. Does not every contract show the parties to it, and in this instance where does he find an allusion to States? It is *the people* that adopt the Constitution, and create the Government—not the States as Mr. HURD alleges. Since the States therefore were not parties to the contract, did not *create* the Government, it is in consequence not their creature, and not inferior to them. It is hardly necessary to allude to the fact that two out of every three of the States are in fact the creatures of the General Government. Twenty-five of the 38 have been formed by the Government, since it came into existence itself. The original 13, according to Mr. HURD's theories, should still be the sole depositaries of all of the powers and privilages of the General Government

But there is one important function of our Government which in itself demonstrates the falsity of the "league" or "confederation" theory. It is the war and peace making power. The United States can make war or peace, as any other Nation can, solely at its own will and pleasure, and entirely without reference to the wishes of the individual States. This it could never do, if it were a league between separate and independent States, because in that case each would have to be consulted about the step.

The Government alone can coin money, and stamp with its arms the coins of the United States. This has, since the beginning of history been considered among the highest tokens of sovereignty.

It is the only power in the land which can make a treaty, send Ambassadors abroad, maintain a Navy, support an Army, or levy a tariff. Among all civilized people these are the great prerogatives of government which are always exercised by the supreme power of the land, and never delegated to inferior or subordinate authorities. That the Government of the United States can exercise all these unquestioned and unrestrained by the wishes and desires of the minor civil divisions in its territories, is a daily demonstration of the fact that those divisions are in no sense its equal, not even associates together for some purpose, but are the subordinate and harmonious parts of one great whole.

INTERNATIONAL PARK AT NIAGARA.

A plan is under consideration to form an international park at Niagara Falls, by the purchase of considerable land upon both sides of the river now belonging to companies or private individuals. That part which would have to be paid for by the State of New York includes the grounds of the Cataract House, International Hotel, Prospect Park, Goat, and several other Islands, together with half of Suspension Bridge. It would cost at the present time from $1,000,000 to $1,500,000, a good large sum when it is considered that the State sold the whole amount of land years ago for the magnificent sum of $75. It was the same lack of foresight that permitted the chance of purchasing the Wayne tract here in Toledo for a park at almost a nominal sum to pass by unimproved, while now the City must pay treble the amount to obtain any kind of a breathing place. There is not quite the difference of $75 and $1,000,000 however.

Canada will be obliged to buy 40 acres upon her side, paying $200,000. The carriage way along the cliff which is about six rods wide is already public property, so that the sum she would otherwise have to expend is rendered much smaller.

If this project can be carried out everybody will be rejoiced, for it will render the possibility of further torture by the crowd of money leeches now congregated there, absolutely impossible. The place has been already too long disgraced by their merciless exactions.

THE return to old-fashioned business integrity now bids fair to be complete. Forty Boston milk dealers have been punished for adulterations.

SIX MONTHS OF RESUMPTION.

We have now had a little more than six months of resumption. Can any one deny that all that was prophesied of the beneficial effects of that measure have been accomplished? If he does, to confute him it is only necessary that he be taken to the nearest City and shown the rekindled fires in the furnaces, the daily increase in the number of revolving wheels in the factories, the piles of merchandize handled at the wharves and depots, the scarcity of unemployed men, the number of new buildings that are everywhere rising under the busy hands of cheerful labor. Then let him be shown the balance sheet of the clearing houses of the commercial centers of the country, all of which, save New Orleans, show a most gratifying increase of business, amounting to as much in some instances as 25 per cent. If still not satisfied let him converse with any business man, and learn from him that everybody is buying more freely, paying better prices and more cash down than at any time since the panic.

Not a single one of the direful consequences, asserted by Democrats to be necessary accompaniments of Resumption, has come to pass. Every one of the beneficial effects predicted by Republicans, have been brought about. Nothing has occurred to mar the perfectness of the operation. The experience which has come since January 1 has shown nothing that was omitted or done wrongfully in preparing for the great event. The wonderful ability shown by the Republican party in preparing for Resumption, and the entire success with which it carried those preparations out, is one of the brightest laurels in the crown of the ablest and best party the world ever saw.

Now what are our opponents—the men who fought the advocates of Resumption with specious lies and foul calumny, going to do about it? The most deluded of their followers, the most wilfully blind of their dupes, cannot fail to soon comprehend how miserably they have been deceived by these demagogues. Every day and week will add to the testimony against these men who would have sacrificed our whole prosperity on the altar of their selfish ambition. What new lies will they invent to cover their confusion, and hide the hideous wrecks of their exploded falsehoods? We need hardly inquire. We see venomous Copperheads—VOORHEES and his Knights of the Golden Circle crowd in Indiana, the Sons of Liberty followers of the sainted VALLANDIGHAM in Ohio—all protesting now that they were the only true friends the soldiers had. We see hands that a few years ago clutched a rifle, as the owner sneaked around to get a shot at Provost Marshal, now holding pens to write certificates of loyalty and ardent support of the Union. In the same way we will find, six months hence, the shameless obstructionists of Resumption parading their zealous devotion to the object of making the greenback dollar as good as a gold one, and their heroism in thwarting those who would interfere with the execution of that laudable purpose. Truth and consistency are matters of small importance to a Democratic leader.

OUR NEW BOOK CATALOGUE.

The new BLADE book catalogue, just issued, is a handsome 32 page pamphlet, with the different titles classified by subjects which are alphabetically arranged. It contains titles of a great variety of books on all subjects, with descriptions of each book very much fuller and more satisfactory than can be found in ordinary catalogues. In connection with each title we give the publisher's regular price, and our price for the book alone, and also the price at which we will send the book and the BLADE one year, both postpaid. In a great many cases during the last few weeks we have been obliged to send copies of our old catalogue, by no means so extensive as this, and we would now be glad to have all persons who received the old catalogue send us their names again for a copy of the new. Persons who have not received any catalogue are invited to send for a copy of the new one, which will give them a complete list of all the BLADE books. We shall also be glad to send, on request, copies of the catalogue to any friends of our subscribers who are likely to be interested in good reading.

A FEW few years ago the standard subject of complaint in newspapers was the disinclination of Americans to fresh air, and diatribes against the evils of too much indoor life were always in order. The lecturing—or some other cause—has produced the desired effect, for never in these later days has a civilized people shown so much fondness for out-of-door life as the Americans are doing now. The characteristic ingenuity of the races has been exerted to devise new methods of cultivating a closer acquaintance with Nature. The Tile Club of New York has struck out a new departure in this line. Rejecting the fascinations of polo, coaching, fox hunting, hare-and hounds, pedestrianizing, etc., for various reasons, they have built a fine canal boat, which they call the "Bucentaur," fitted it up elegantly, and providing themselves with music, books, pictures, a French cook, table delicacies and wines, plenty of fishing apparatus, sketching material and hunting outfits, some trusty mules to furnish motive power, and a reliable man to engineer them, they have sailed tranquilly away up the Huron River, for a month's tour through the grand scenery along Lake Champlain, and the Northern Canals of New York. Seems to us that they ought to have lots of fun.

THE Springfield *Republican* notices the fact that the rate of interest in Massachusetts is coming down from the war standard of seven per cent. to the ordinary rate of six—the customary interest upon well-secured mortgage loans in that State for many years before the war. The Springfield Institution for savings, the leading Savings Bank in the Connecticut Valley, has reduced the rate of interest to borrowers upon mortgage from 6½ to 6 per cent., the reduction to take effect upon all existing loans from June 1st of this year. The interest paid depositors, our contemporary expects, will not exceed four per cent., the amount realized on Government bonds. The Massachusetts Mutual Life Insurance Company has also decided to reduce the rate upon its mortgage loan from 7 per cent to 6, from and after July 1. The interest on the loans of the Mutual Life was at one time as high as 8 per cent. The final reduction to six will be highly appreciated by its debtors.

SPIRITUAL NUPTIALS.

Marriage, in the Other World, of Benjamin Pierce and Sarah Catharine Eaton.

The Ceremony Performed by the Rev. Emanuel Swedenborg.

LEAVENWORTH, Ks., June 25, 1879.

To the Editor of the Leavenworth Times:

As you have seen proper to publish an account of a wedding which took place of my spirit daughter at my house on the 20th of this month, which I intended to be strictly private and not find its way into the newspapers, it is due to myself that I am to give to the public the reasons which induced me to have J. H. Mott, of Memphis, a trance and materializing medium, and Dr. Dooley, a trance medium, at my house at the time stated. In the fore part of December last my wife and I made a visit to Memphis, Mo., for the purpose of attending materializing seances at J. H. Mott's. At one of these seances a young lady appeared at the door of the cabinet whom I did not recognize. I asked her who she was. She said, "You are my father; I am Sarah Catharine." She then asked to see her mother. After her mother came to the cabinet she expressed her gratification at being able to talk to us; that she was with us the greater part of the time and saw us, but we could not see her. In order to identify herself to us, the said she suffered a great deal in her little body before she left the earth, but it was all the fault of the doctors; she could have been born without instruments. That she was sorry she ever was born; that it had made an invalid of her dear mother from that time to this. After talking with us for some time she disappeared and gave place to others. On the 30th of April last, at 2 o'clock in the day, with no one in the house save my wife, myself, and John H. Mott (who was lying in a trance in the cabinet,) at our request she opened the door of the cabinet and came out to us. During the seance she talked very fully with us in regard to her approaching nuptials, and requested us to make the preparation, which we did on the 20th inst., at our home in Leavenworth. At to what occurred on that occasion, you have substantially stated what did take in your issue of the 15th inst.

In December last, whilst at Mott's, I was directed by Gov. Wilson Shannon to go to the writing medium, Dr. V. Mansfield, No. 61 West Forty-second street, New York, and converse with parties who had passed to spirit life in regard to matters of business. Whilst engaged in writing and sealing up communications to these parties, Dr. Mansfield crossed the room and handed me a note, which he had just written, and of which the following is a reply:

"Papa, darling, your unfortunate daughter is with you, and would that she could soothe your aching limb. Oh, that mother dear was with you now. Your loving daughter,

SARAH CATHARINE EATON."

The reference to my "aching limb" was owing to the fact that I was suffering from a severe pain in the knee at the time. After that several communications passed between us through the medium of Dr. Mansfield, on the 23th and 25th of December. On the 26th I addressed her the following questions:

"SARAH CATHARINE EATON: I cannot leave New York without having another talk with my darling 'Katie.' Can't you give me the names of some of your most intimate associates and companions, and as I have been taught that we live in married pairs to all eternity, will not my 'Katie' tell me if there is not some young angel man who constitutes her other half, and who your dear mother and I may call son?"

To which she replied:

"Bless you darling, dear father, for such evidence of your continued love for your little, poor, emaciated, *bruised* and suffering daughter, for such is all you recollect of me. But from that withered had a perfect woman has been developed, and one not incapable of loving such noble parents as it was my good fortune to possess. All these years, more than 30, have I walked by your side and that of dear mother, who has been an invalid most of the time since you and she was called upon to part with me. But, tell mother, dear, all those aches and pains shall be counted to her so many diamonds and pearls, which will stud the crown of her rejoicing, when a few more years shal have passed, and she shall come to dwell in the mansion which I have superintended its building, and with my tiny hands coaxed evergreens, roses and vines all over it. To tell you who I have met, let let me say grandma and Aunt Sarah are my most intimate friends, save one I will not speak of now, who is with me continually. By-and by I will tell you all about him, and he will tell you of your darling daughter.

SARAH CATHARINE EATON."

The same evening that I received the foregoing communication a friend of mine (Mr. Ladd, of St. Louis) called at the hotel where I was stopping to consult me in regark to a matter of business. In talking it over I asked him to go with me to Dr. Mansfield's and consult some of his spirit friends in regard to it, which he did the next morning. While there I addressed the following note to my daughter:

"SARAH CATHARINE EATON: I came with a friend who will accompany me West this evening. I cannot resist the temptation to talk to my darling 'Katie' again. Can't you give me the name of that young angel man to whom you alluded to yesterday, where he lived on earth, and where he left it? To which she replied:

"Bless you, Heaven bless you, my honored father; who in the spirit world or on earth has such a loving, dear father as Sarah Catharine? Well, father, I was with you all the past night and impressed you to call on the medium with Mr. Ladd. Oh, how happy you make me. Well, you are going to your Kansas home. There are fearful drifts of snow between you and that place, but you will get along after all. You would know the *name* of my darling, would you? But it is not quite time to bring him into the family. When I do, you will be pleased with him. But, father, let it pass for a season. I have reasons, and they are good ones, too. Tell mother her darling lives and loves her dearly. I think the clairvoyant will help her, but not permanently. Her age is against her. It is all right. Bye-and-bye she will be with her darling.

"SARAH CATHARINE EATON.

"December 27, 1878."

I may add to this communication, that Mr. Ladd took the advice of his spirit friends, and thereby saved a considerable sum of money, which he was in great danger of losing by the failure of a firm in New York; that trains had been delayed several days on account of snow drifts between New York and St. Louis, and that the one in which I made the journey was the first to arrive at St. Louis for some days on time. In explanation of the reference to the clairvoyant I will state that my wife was at the time being treated by Dr. Dooley, a clairvoyant physician. On the 4th of March last I addressed a communication, of which the following is a copy, and inclosed it in an unaddressed envelope to Dr. Mansfield:

"SARAH CATHARIE EATON: I am informed that you are now with me, and I get up at 4 o'clock in the morning to write you this note. Swedenborg describes, in his 'Conjugal Love,' a marriage in Heaven, which makes me think of your union with your loved one; and as you intimated in your last note that it soon would be, and your dear mother and I should know it in good season, will not my darling 'Katie' tell me of the day when it will be celebrated, so we can celebrate it here? Also, who our son is, where he lived on earth, and when he left it."

By due course of mail the envelope was returned to me with the seal unbroken, with the following answer wrapped around it.

"Yes, yes, darling father, your impression was right. We now see that we can impress you correctly, but, father you get up rather early for me. I know it is said the early bird catches the worm, but I would rather the bird would have the gnat, than get me out so early. Well, father, what Mr. Swedenborg said about conjugal loves was about right. I and my dearest one will speak to you in proper time, so you and mother may have, if not a slice of cake, you shall have a large share of our loves. When you are established in the office at Washington, you shall have the name of my darling. You will know all about it when it will be cemented. My love to mother dear, and accept much for your dear self. Your loving daughter.

"SARAH CATHARINE EATON."

March 5, 1879.

On the 18th of March I visited New York, and addressed my daughter again as follows:

"SARAH CATHARINE EATON: I suppose the question that I did want answered as much in regard to your union with your loved one, will remain unanswered, as you said you would give me the answer when I was fully establirhe l in the office at Washington, and that will never be."

"MY DEAR FATHER: I well recollect my promise, and although you and I have been disappointed as to the office at Washington, yet, father, it is all right in the economy of the Government. Father, your field of usefulness is by far greater as you are. You are free to act, think and speak, and your reward will be a hundred times more as you are. Then, again, it was no place for my invalid mother. The miasmatic condition of the City would not agree with her, and I doubt if it would with you, especially at the warm season of the year. Financially and spiritually you are gainer by losing the direction. About my darling mate, you shall know all about that. My mate, or husband that will be, is no less than the son of Franklin Pierce, once President of the United States. Tell mother I have the nicest intended in all my sphere. His father and mother I am with often.

"Your own,

"SARAH CATHARINE EATON."

"SARAH CATHARINE EATON: My darling, you have rendered me so happy. It is worth while to come from Washington to get your answer. Can you not tell the time your union will be cemented, so that your dear mother and I may celebrate it here? You must add Pierce to the name of Eaton. You must not surrender that. I well recollect the departure from earth of your darling mate. Your mother will be a happy woman when she gets your communication.

ISAAC E. EATON."

"Well, father, you see that this was kept in security to offset that feeling of disappointment which has visited yov of late. I am so pleased that you feel compensated for coming this way to hear the confession I have made to you, how we shall be joined as husband and wife by the immortal Swedenborg, at a time not far distant. I suggested the idea to Bennie and his parents, who at once sanctioned the step. The time will be in July. The particular day shall be given you and mother, that you may in your mind's eye participate in the enjoyment. My darling is with me now, and, with much blushing, says: 'Say anything to our dear Father and Mother Eaton that you deem proper.' Yes, father, the name will only be changed by adding another. It shall be Sarah Catharine Eaton Pierce. By-and-by my darling will talk with you. Your own,

"SARAH CATHARINE EATON."

"SARAH CATHARINE EATON—My Dear Darling: Please consult your darling mate and his father and mother and see if you cannot agree upon the day in June when you will be joined in wedlock, and inform me. You can easily divine my object in making this request.

"O my dear father, you are so persistent, determined I should tell you the day assigned for my wedding-day, that if you were not the best of fathers I would not satisfy you in that wise. The time has been set, or determined on, which Bennie thought it best not to disclose until about two days before the time fixed upon, not that we have any shopping to do or wedding trousseaus to purchase, but that Bennie had a sort of pride in keeping mum in the matter. But in talking it over with him, his parents, and Aunty Sarah Jane Jewett, we have concluded to tell you and mother the day. Well, it is the 20th day of June, 1879. The ceremony will commence at 11 A. M. and continue until 2 P. M. Now, father, do not talk much about it until the week we are to be made one. I know you will say, Oh! how singular. There, my dear father, you have conquered.

"SARAH CATHARINE EATON."

March 23, 1879.

On this same day I addressed the following note to Emanuel Swedenborg:

"MY DEAR TEACHER AND MOST HONORED FRIEND:—My daughter, Sarah Catharine, informs me that she will be united in wedlock to Bennie Pierce, June 20, and they will be formally united by you. Will you not assist Dr. Mansfield to witness that ceremony so that he can describe it, and will you not arrange it so that he can inform me who were present?"

To which he replied at follows:

"Thank you, my dear pupil. Thank you again, for this, another call. You are my most frequent visitor. None so acceptable, depend on that. What your darling daughter has told you is even so. I am booked to perform that ceremony, June 20, from 11 A. M. to 2 P. M. I will do the best I can to foreshadow the ceremony, that our dear medium may have as full and correct an idea of it as possible. If he is physically well we can give a full and correct idea of it, and then he will give it to you."

On the 31st of May I addressed the following note to the Rev. David Powell formerly of Ohio, who has been in the spirit world for over 20 years:

"As you are the first person to turn my attention to the writings of Emanuel Swedenborg, I have always cherished a kindly remembrance for you. Therefore I am anxious to hear from you from the spirit side of life, which I have hitherto failed to do directly. Will you not please communicate with me?"

To which he replied:

MY DEAR PUPIL AND MY DEAR FRIEND: I recognize your call, and I thank you most sincerely. I have been invited to assist on the 20th of June, and shall be most pleased to accept. I have talked over the matter several times with your delightful daughter and her suitor, and from so doing I have been requested to be present on that august occasion. I often meet my and your ideal spirit, Swedenborg, and you will imagine with what pleasure and delight I meet him. I have to meet him again soon, or I would write you at greater length. Pass my kindest regards to your estimable wife and tell her I will be present at the wedding of her darling Sarah Catharine. Most respectfully, DAVID POWELL.

May 31, 1879.

At the same sitting in New York I received, through Mansfield, a note from my daughter, stating that she had just been with her mother in Leavenworth, and that she was well as usual; whereup on I addressed her as follows:

"MY DARLING CHILD: I am so delighted to know you are always so near me, and dear mother as well. Will he be able to get Mott to Leavenworth the 20th of June? These mediums are so uncertain I fear he will not come, although he promised to do so."

To which she replied:

The pleasure is reciprocated, my dear father, and it gives me as much pleasure to know darling mother has so much comfort in believing me near her as well. I was so pleased to meet her at Mott's, and my darling was over-rejoiced in soul to know he could look upon her and speak with her. It was as much as he could do to summon strength to ask her child in wedlock. I thought he would break down before he could say as much, but I stood just behind him with my hand on his shoulder encouraging him to be brave. He will be more encouraged next time. Well, father, we look forward to the time, June 20, 1879, when we shall be made one, according to marriage rite. It was said that they are not given in marriage here. That was simply a saying of the priests in early days to induce not only early, but frequent marriages, for the money they derived from such ceremony. But that marriage takes place here,—that is, that conjugal souls are united here much more frequently than is the custom in earth-life, I tell you such is the fact There never was a negative without a positive. It is a fixed law in nature, and Nature's law is God's law. Each find their own hero and are satisfied. There are many marriages here without the display which is intended at my wedding, although such displays are not infrequent. As to W. Mott being at L—— on the 20th, I think he intends to be with you. Try and induce him to be there on the 18th of June.

SARAH CATHARINE EATON.

On the 10th of June I addressed Emanuel Swedenborg as follows:

MY DEAR TEACHER: I am frequently asked is the spirit world a real, substantial world, where the inhabitants are engaged in useful occupations corresponding to these in this life. Do they possess the live senses as they do here? Do they eat and sleep and have their hours of labor recreation, and rest as in this life? An answer from you in your terse and vigorous style would be instructive to mankind, and exceedingly interesting to me. How are the preparations for the nuptials progressing?

To which he replied as usual in his own hand-writing (fac-similes of which I have in my possession):

MY DEAR PUPIL: Yours of the 10th before me, for which I bless you. I have just met your daughter and her Aunty Jewett, on their usual rambles among the flowers and shrubbery. The young miss was looking charmingly. I remarked to her that she looked too youthful for one who so soon would be considered a matron. She blushed under the remark, and said she had fully considered the step she was so soon to take. The time is set for June 20 from 11 A. M. to 3 P. M., as you measure time. The ceremony of uniting them will be precisely at 12—noon—by your time; so bear that in mind. As to the occupations of the inhabitants of this world they are as real and as useful, and more so than those of earth life. For this is the reality that, the earth life. Earth life is but the shadow of this, the spirit. Their senses are by far more acurate and refined. We eat or drink or what answers to that. We labor simply for the pleasure it gives us. We neither sow nor reap. Everything grows spontaneously. We have all that we are entitled to by progression. We do not sleep, and yet we have seasons of rest and recreation as well. We have houses or mansions most beautifully decorated. We have all that we are capable of enjoying. Yours truly,

EMANUEL SWENDENBORG.

On yesterday I received from Dr. Mansfield the following:

DARLING FATHER AND MOTHER—I have been as much as I could with you to-day. Have witnessed your great anxiety and delight as well. My husband, Benjamin Pierce, and his dearest parents, and Aunt Sarah Jane, Cousin Mary E. Jewett, send words of greeting to you and mother. When I have more time than I now have I will write you at length. I embrace you both.

SARAH CATHARINE EATON PIERCE.

To Isaac E. and Ruth A. Eaton, Leavenworth, Kan.

P. S.—We did our best to control the medium, Dr. M. Bennie. SARAH.

NEW YORK, June 20, 1879, 61 WEST FORTY-SECOND STREET—DEAR EATON: Inclosed find the result of four hours' sitting to witness the grandest spectacle my eyes ever beheld. It would be impossible for me, or even an angel, to describe the magnificence surrounding that affair. I have roughly mapped out the general features and given names, as you will find, i. e., of some of the most prominent of the invited guests. The ceremony seemed to be very near were Swedenborg is marked out. The conversation I could not get. But after the ceremony a general promenade took place, marching, and in conclusion they passed out at the right and left of the grand egress. The multitude was immense; it was impossible to count them. I trust you will understand the diagram as it may appear.

MANSFIELD.

On the diagram sheet is written:

"MY DEAR FRIEND EATON: I give you what passed before me this 20th day of June, 1879, purporting to be a marriage ceremony which took place in the spirit world between Sarah Catharine Eaton and Benjamin Pierce, a son of the once President of the United States, Franklin Pierce. The bonds were united by the God-gifted Emanuel Swedenborg and David Powell. The figure represents the floor of the bower. The dots on either side of the open space represent spectators. The members seem to be invited guests of the bride and groom. Mr. Frank Pierce and wife gave away the son at the altar. Mr. Jewett gave away Sarah Catharine. After the ceremony was concluded the bride led a general promenade. All present joined in the march, passing out at the right and left of the grand egress. Your daughter, now Mrs. Pierce, was arrayed in a dress of dark green; Mrs. Pierce in pure white. There was music on the occasion. The affair was one most magnificent as it passed before my vision. I wish you and Mrs. Eaton much joy on the marriage of your only daughter. May you live with them in the beautiful summer land I shall ever pray, J. V. M.

John Eaton,	Grand parents.
Catharine Eaton,	
Daniel E. Eaton, uncle.	Nancy Maypenny, aunt.
Ellis E. Kennon, cousin.	Nancy Wallace Miller.
John W. Kennon, cousin.	cousin
Wilson Shannon, uncle.	Clara M. McKay
Elizabeth Shannon, aunt.	Sarah

Answers to Correspondents.

We are obliged to remind our readers that there are certain classes of questions which we cannot undertake to answer, viz:

1. Those not accompanied by the name of the writer. The name is not required for publication but only as an evidence of good faith. All letters not complying with this rule find their way at once into the waste-basket.

2. Mathematical problems, and questions in grammatical construction. We are willing to give all our readers an opportunity to ask and answer the former, but we have not the type necessary for publishing algebraic problems and solutions.

3. Questions which in the judgment of the editor are not appropriate or proper for the columns of the BLADE. Hundreds of questions come to this department every week, and the editor must be allowed to exercise his discretion in making selections calculated to promote the general interest.

4. Inquiries as to the standing or reliability individuals, firms, or corporations, doing a general business. The BLADE's endorsement is too valuable to be bestowed indiscriminately, and it is not always possible for us to devote the time necessary to ascertain the standing of an individual or a firm located in a distant part of the country.

Correspondents whose inquiries are not answered within a reasonable time would do well to repeat them. If they still fail to receive an answer they are asked to believe that the questions remain unanswered for good and sufficien reasons.

We must request that subscribers will keep all communications for the business and editorial departments of the BLADE entirely separate and distinct, always upon separate leaves. Questions for this department should never be written on the same leaf with letters containing subscriptions or orders for books.

C. W. E., no address: We should not object if you will send us a copy.

E. F., Utica, Iowa.—Unless we are mistaken, the story you name has never been published in book form.

E. B. S., Knox City, Mo.—All the evidence goes to show that the institution you name is a fraud. Better let it alone.

R. W. T., Adyeville, Ind.: We are sorry to say we have not the book you name, and we do not know the publisher.

E. S., Palmar, (no State.—We had no knowledge of the parties named, but supposed them to be entirely reliable.

C. G. W., Mayville, N. Y.: Henry Clay was born in Hanover County, Va., April 12, 1777, and died at Washington, D. C., June 29th, 1852.

SPRECHER, Pilot Knob, Mo.: We suppose that the parties you name are perfectly good, at least we know of nothing to the contrary.

WM. A. RENCHEVER, Brookfield, Conn., wishes to obtain the address of the general officers of the 67th New York Infantry during the late war.

THOMAS CARR, Carrollton, Ill., wishes to obtain the present address of his old comrade in Andersonville, Sergeant Miller, of the Eighth Kentucky Cavalry.

C. N. B., Granby, Mo.: We do not know the company named. 2. Full particulars regarding the sale of "Andersonville" are given in the BLADE of July 10.

A. J. R., Sowville, Pa.: We have "Fleetwood's Life of Christ," as you will see from catalogue sent you. We regret to say we have not the other book you name.

D. F. EADS, Wilmot, Mo., says: Will you please inform W. K. E., of Texas Creek, Colo., that we can get the information he desires by addressing me as above.

H. E. W., Glenville, Minn., asks: Will some reader of the BLADE be kind enough to give us the address of Assistant Surgeon Miller, 82d Volunteer, Ohio Regiment, Infantry.

R. E. G., Mason, Ills., writes: Henry J. Gibbons was a member of the 30th Ohio Regiment, was killed at the battle of Antietam. I want to find out his company and the Captain's name.

MARY A. CUPP, Troy, Iowa, formerly Mary A. Smith, now wife of George F. Cupp, wishes to know the whereabouts of some of her relatives or friends, of Jersey Shore, Lycoming Co., Pa.

A. N. WOODBURY, Plain City, O., writes: "I see that 'A Subscriber' wishes the poem 'Tell me I hate the bowl,' etc. If 'Subscriber' will send me the address, I will copy it and send to him or her."

E. C. S., Larnaca, Md., writes: I send answer to Schabod's ball problem, in BLADE of June 19, as follows: Distance from floor to top of upper ball, 10,800,879 inches. I can send solution if desired.

E. E. EVANS, Williamsville, Ill., writes: "If the individual who signs himself 'Subscriber' in the Correspondents' Column, under date of June 26, will address me as above, he can learn what he wishes to know."

A. C. WAIT, Selma, Kan., would like to obtain the address of any member of Co. A, 1st Wisconsin Cavalry during 1862, or of the Regimental Surgeon, or any of the regimental officers during that year.

C. H., Prescott, Kan.: We certainly suppose the parties named to be doing business in good faith. Better write them again, calling attention to your previous letter, and if they do not respond let us know.

JOSEPH SCHEERER, Salisbury, Ill., asks any private soldier or officer of the 41st Regt., Co. B, N. Y. V. I., to send his address as above. He would also like to obtain the address of Benedict Schebile, of the same regiment and company, who was discharged by reason of disability.

JAS. W. S., Greenville, Pa.: See announcement recurring the publication of "Anderson ville," in the BLADE of last week. The price will be announced hereafter. The author is John H. McElroy, private, Co. L, 16th Illinois Cavalry, and now one of the editors of the BLADE.

M. K. R., Lock No. 4, Pa., asks: "Where can I procure a copy of the game laws of West Virginia for 1879?"—You will find the game laws of all the various States in *Fur Fin and Feather*, a bi-monthly publication issued by Charles Suydam, at No. 149 Chambers street, New York; price $1.00 per year, or 50c per number.

MRS. H. A. N., Sandusky, O., writes: "In the BLADE of June 19th A. S. Tiggins, Morton's Mills, Iowa, asks for information concerning the whereabouts of A. H. Agard. Dr. Agard moved to Oakland, Cal., about four or five years ago. A letter directed as above will reach him, unless he has since changed his place of residence."

REUBEN SPENCER, late of K Co., 128th O. V. I., wants the address of the officer in command of the C mpany at the battle of Mission Ridge. Also, the address of as many of the enlisted men as may see this notice. Please send address to Reuben Spencer, care of A. W. McCormack, Pike's Opera Building, Cincinnati, O.

G. U. DAVIDSON, Lunenburgh, Ark., writes to obtain the postoffice address of Dr. F. M. Warford, who was promoted from Assistant Surgeon of the Third Iowa Cavalry to Surgeon of the Fourth Arkansas Cavalry. Also, of Lieut Alonzo B. Clymer and Benjamin T. Powell, of Company L, Fourth Arkansas Cavalry Volunteers. Mr. Powell was appointed from the Fifth Illinois Cavalry.

MAS. S. V. R., Wilmington, O., asks: "Is there any paper published in Cameron, W. Va., or only a county paper in Marshall County?"—There is no paper published at Cameron, W. Va., but there are two weeklies published at Moundsville, the County seat, viz., the *New State Gazette*, and the *Reporter*. The first is Democratic, and the second independent in politics.

JOSEPH WEYERS, Carthagena, Ohio, private of Battery K, First Michigan Light Artillery, would like to obtain the address of the Doctor of the Mustering Department at Detroit Barracks who inspected all artillery recruits of the U. S. Michigan Volunteers in the year 1863, Nov. 25th. Also, the address of Capt. Adolph Schill and any members of Battery K, First Michigan Light Artillery, mustered out of service July 22, 1865, at Detroit, Mich.

G. F. M., Salem, O., asks: "Will you please give the main facts in regard to the battle of Waterloo?"—It was fought on June 18, 1815, in Belgium, between the allied English, Netherland, and German troops under Wellington, and the French under Napoleon. The battle lasted from 11 A. M. to 9 P. M. The French numbered 80,000 and the allies 70,000, including 50,000 cavalry and 250 guns. The allies had 30,000 men, including 13,000 cavalry and 150 guns. The allies were joined by Blucher, with a fresh corps of Prussians, about 4 o'clock, and won the battle. The allies lost 23,000 men, and the French 30,000 and 227 cannon.

S. and K., Carlisle, Iowa, asks: "1. Where can we procure two or three druggists' papers, and at what price per year? 2. Also, mention several good monthly medical journals, prices, etc."—1. Druggists Advertiser and Trade Journal, monthly, 26 West Broadway, New York City, price $1.00 per year; Druggists' Circular and Chemical Gazette, monthly, 36 Beekman street, New York, price $1.60 per year. 2. The Medical Journal, monthly, D. & O.; Appleton, per month say, price $4.00 per year; Hall's Journal of Health, monthly, Bible House, New York, price $2.00 per year.

E. Robinson, Kan., asks: "1. Is it probable that English Walnuts would thrive in this locality? 2. Can Pecans be successfully grafted on hickory stocks?"—It is very doubtful. Numerous attempts have been made in this country to acclimate the English Walnut, but it very seldom ripens its fruit. 2. We should think they might, although we do not see the necessity of making any graft. In Southern Ohio, the latitude of Marietta, are several very fine Pecan trees, grown from the nut, which have been bearing fruit nearly every year for more than 25 years. The nuts are sweet and wholesome. It would seem probable that they would do well in your latitude.

GEO. A. MCP., Bloomfield, Mo., writes: "My father was killed in the Union Army; myself and sister were his only children; our stepmother is living; our mother is dead, and remarried. We received pension from the time we made application until we became of age. I want to know if I will be entitled to any more pension under the arrears of pension act, and if our step mother is entitled to any?"—The widow of the soldier is entitled to pension from the date her husband was discharged. When she remarries, or dies, the children of the soldier are entitled to pension until they attain the age of 16 respectively, payable from the date the widow dies or re-marries.

M. C. J., Wheatland, Ioa., writes: "I was a soldier in the late war; was discharged for physical disability; my pension was allowed at $8 per month, commencing at date of my discharge. Ten years after it was increased to $18 per month. What I want to know is, am I entitled to any arrears by the last act of Congress, dating payments back to date of discharge. Is the increase dated back?"—You are not entitled to arrears of pension, because you have been paid your pension from the date of discharge, and the arrears is paid only at rate of original rate of pension. No arrears are paid on increase of pension.

G. O. V., Bedford, Ioa., asks: "1. When, where and by whom was A. D. Richardson killed? 2. What is Ole Bull's nativity? 3. How is his christian name pronounced? 4. When did J. G. Bennett die? 5. To what Government does the Isthmus of Panama belong?"—1. Richardson was shot December 2, 1863, in the *Tribune* building, New York, by McFarland, the divorced husband of Abby Sage McFarland. Before Richardson's death the marriage ceremony was performed between Mrs. McFarland and Richardson. 2. He is a Norwegian by birth, and came to this country in 1845. 3. The first name is pronounced in two syllables, with accent on the first. 4. James Gordon Bennett, sen., died in New York, June 1, 1872. 5. It is one of the States of the District of Colombia.

W. B. R., Marion, Ind., asks: "1. Will you please give the law of pre-emption? 2. Can a married man pre-empt, and in what States and Territories?"—Any person, being the head of a family, or widow, or single person, over the age of 21 years, and either a citizen of the United States or having filed a declaration to become such, is entitled to pre-empt 160 acres of the public land. He must make oath that he has never had any previous benefit from the right of pre-emption, that he has not settled upon the land for any purpose of speculation, but in good faith to appropriate it to his own exclusive use, etc. Within 30 days after settlement he is required to file with the Register of the proper District a written statement, describing the land settled upon, and declaring his intention to claim the same under the pre-emption laws, and within 12 months after the date of such settlement he is required to make proof by affidavit and payment as prescribed by law. 2. The statement already made answers this question.

J. G., Troy, Ioa., asks: "What varnish is used on picture mountings and how is it put on? 2. How the gilding is done?"—1. Probably the best varnish for pictures is the copal. You can buy it ready made very much better and cheaper than you can prepare it. It may be applied with a fine flat brush, and if too thick, should be diluted with a little turpentine. It dries slowly but is very pale and durable. 2. The operation of gilding frames is somewhat elaborate, and requires several distinct operations. In the hands of any but a skilled workman, it would be time and money thrown away to attempt to gild frames. A size of parchment is first prepared, the frames are then whitened, next cleaned and polished, and then treated first with the parchment size and afterward with a gold size, and the gold leaf is afterward laid on carefully and polished. There are also other processes of gilding by liquid mixtures, amalgams, powders, patent processes, electro gilding, etc., etc. It would require too much space to go into detail as to these.

J. J. F. H., Mill Spring, No., asks: "1. Are ——— & Co., at Washington, D. C., Attorneys at-law, honest and reliable? 2. Can an attorney prosecute a claim and then draw the money from the Government without the applicants knowledge of it, and if he can how would the applicant find it out? Who would the applicant apply to for information? 3. In case an attorney was not considered honest and punctual could his power of attorney be revoked, and if so, what proof is necessary to give another attorney the power? 4. Who is the proper attorney to prosecute soldiers' claims."—1. The attorneys you name are considered honorable and reliable by all who know them in Washington City. 2. The attorney cannot collect payment of any Government claim except on a power of attorney duly executed by the claimant after the claim is allowed. Pension or bounty is by law paid direct to claimants. 3. A change of attorney in the prosecution of a claim in the department of the United States Government can only be made upon a cause deemed sufficient, upon an investigation and proof submitted to the Chief of the Department. 4. From a long and intimate knowledge we can safely refer you to T. W. Tallmadge, Attorney at Washington, D. C., to prosecute soldiers' claims.

C. M. C., Germantown, Tenn., writes: "There is a secret society called Knights of Honor, which combines life insurance which is spreading all over this country. Please give a brief history of it in the BLADE, and say whether it is safe, and whether you think it is safer than ordinary insurance companies."—The organization you name is one of a class which has greatly increased throughout the country during the past ten years. While the plans of operation differ in details, all are virtually mutual benefit societies, having for their object the insurance of the lives of the members. Since they are mutual societies, there cannot well be any object among the members of defrauding each other. Funds only accrue in the treasury as assessments are made for specific cases or deaths, and the money thus obtained is at once paid out. Whether these organizations are better and cheaper than the regular stock life insurance companies is open question. That many believe them to be so is shown by their rapid increase both in chapters or lodges and in members. The objections which exist against them are developed in the later years of their existence, rather at the beginning.

E. J. B., no address: You write asking the editor two questions of a business character, both of them important. And yet the letter which comes to him has nothing whatever to indicate either your name or postoffice address. The most charitable conclusion possible is that you had written a subscription letter on the other half of the sheet, and that when the letter was separated for the purpose of filing in the counting room (as is always done) there was nothing left to show who the writer was or where he lived. If the postoffice were given we might and could go through the files of letters received during the past month—although there are hundreds of letters received every day—and by comparing the names with the initials discover who E. J. B. is. "Will the Andersonville history be sold by subscription?" he asks; if so, I want the agency of this County. Our correspondent could not more effectually have concealed the whereabouts of his County if he had gone deliberately to work to do so, but of course we acquit him of the slightest possible intention of that kind. We have devoted this unusual space to the matter, not with any intention of fault-finding, but simply to show that the requests we make of correspondents and subscribers are in no sense arbitrary, but are founded on the requirements of convenience, system and dispatch in business.

J. V. R., Pleasant Creek, W. Va., asks: "1. Have you a publication by Jules Verne entitled "Twenty thousand Leagues Under the Sea" and "A Trip to the Moon?" 2. Is a railroad ticket good until used, and can we ride either way the number of miles the ticket calls for? 3. Has there been any planet discovered between Mercury and the sun? When, and by whom? 4. Has Mercury, Venus or Mars any moon? 5. How many newspapers published in the United States—dailies, weeklies, monthlies?"—1. Yes. See page 10 of catalogue sent you. 2. The substance of the decisions of the Courts as we now understand them, is that a ticket which is issued at full rates, is good until used. But where the railroad company issues a ticket at a special rate and stipulates that it must be used within a specified time, the purchaser has no recourse if he fails to comply with the conditions of the purchase. Eastern courts have decided that a ticket issued in one direction may be used in the opposite direction, but only between the points named on the ticket. 3. The planet Vulcan discovered last Summer by Prof. Watson, of the Michigan University, is between Mercury and the sun, and hence is spoken of as the "inter-mercurial planet." 4. Neither of the planets named has any satellites. In the latter part of the seventeenth century one or two astronomers supposed that they had discovered a satellite to Venus, but this was afterward shown to be an error, due no doubt to the imperfect telescopes in use at that time. 5. Dailies, 742; weeklies, 6,817; monthlies, 732.

G. W. B., Lima, O.—Under the Michigan game and fish laws the trout season opens May 1st and ends September 1st. The grayling season opens June 1st and ends November 1st. For full information regarding the best waters for trout and grayling fishing, as well as for information regarding summer travel in Upper Michigan, we advise you to address a line to A. B. Leet, Esq., Grand Rapids, Mich. He will answer any inquiries without charge, and can tell you anything you wish to know in the lines indicated above.

G. B. S., Waterford, O., asks: "Will you please give the total amount of interest-bearing debt 30 years ago and at the present time? 2. Also, the total amount of circulating medium then and now?"—The following table will answer your questions. Cut these figures out and preserve them; they afford the best possible reply to the assertion of the Greenbackers that there has been no reduction of the public debt:

	1869.	1879.
Total interest-bearing debt	$2,222,595,429 (June 1, 1869.)	$2,232,838,272 (June 1, 1879.)
Total amount interest on above	$129,787,581[8] (June 1, 1869.)	$97,760,933 (June 1, 1879.)
Total United States notes outstanding	$356,059,244 (June 1, 1869.)	$346,742,516 (June 1, 1879.)
Total National Bank notes outstanding	$299,910,419 (Nov. 1, 1869.)	$328,493,716 (June 21, 79.)

Estimated circulating medium outstanding—gold, silver, legal-tenders and National Bank notes:

Legal-tenders	$347,742,516
National Bank notes	328,493,716
Subsidiary silver coin	40,000,000
Gold coin and bullion	135,640,253
Standard silver	30,000,000
Total	$881,876,522

The interest-bearing debt (1869 and 1879) is taken from public debt statements, and includes coin and currency interest, both periods; 1879 includes outstanding called bonds.

D. R. I., Indianapolis, Ind., asks: "Will you please give the fastest time ever made across the Atlantic, and oblige several of your constant readers?"—The new steamer "Arizonia," of the Guion line, arrived at Queenstown on the 25th ult. at 7:20 A. M., having made the fastest trip on record between the two ports. She passed Sandy Hook, off New York, at 5:35 P. M. on June 17, and reached Queenstown at 7:20 A. M. June 25, making the apparent time 7 days, 13 hours and 45 minutes; deducting the difference in time—4 hours and 22 minutes—the actual time of the trip is 7 days, 9 hours and 23 minutes. Previous to this trip the fastest time between the two points was made by the White Star steamer "Britannic," which left Queenstown at 4:35 P. M. on August 10, 1877, and arrived at Sandy Hook on August 17 at 11:06 P. M., or 7 days, 10 hours and 53 minutes. The "Britannic" in December, 1876, made the trip in 7 days, 12 hours and 41 minutes, actual time. The "Arizonia" on her first trip to New York, several weeks ago, made the passage in 7 days, 11 hours and 32 minutes, actual time. The fastest trip of the Inman steamer "City of Berlin" was in August, 1878, when she made the trip from Queenstown to New York in 7 days, 18 hours and 37 minutes. The new steamer "Gallia," of the Cunard line, on her second trip to New York, in May last, made the trip in 7 days, 22 hours and 47 minutes.

H., Litchfield, Ills., writes: "It is claimed by the Democrats of this section that the *Southern States*, a paper published in Okolona, Miss., is a Republican institution, managed by the Republican party for the purpose of cherishing the animosity between the North and South, for political purposes. Now, is that true, or is it truly a Democratic paper? My Democratic friends tell me that you will not answer this, but I hope you will."—The assertion of the Democrats alleging that the Republicans have any complicity in or influence over the publication of the *Southern States* is an utter falsehood, and is not believed for a moment by any Democrats who are at all familiar with the facts in the case. Will H. Kernan, the editor of the *Southern States* was originally from Bellefontaine, Logan County, Ohio. During the war, although a comparatively young man, he had a local notoriety in many of the villages and neighborhoods of his county as a violent Copperhead, and made speeches at various places in opposition to the prosecution of the war. Kernan's father and an uncle named Hubbard were both Copperheads of the most radical character, and whatever journalistic training and influence the young man received was through the hands of the latter, who was at different times connected with various Copperhead papers in Ohio. These facts are so open and notorious in this State that the charge quoted would be hooted at here as utterly absurd and preposterous. It is simply an attempt made by the Democrats, where the facts are not known, to evade the responsibility of the utterances of Kernan and his class.

J. J. F., Mill Spring, No., asks: "1. Are ——— & Co., at Washington, D. C., Attorneys at-law, honest and reliable? 2. Can an attorney prosecute a claim and then draw the money from the Government without the applicants knowledge of it, and if he can how would the applicant find it out? Who would the applicant apply to for information? 3. In case an attorney was not considered honest and punctual could his power of attorney be revoked, and if so, what proof is necessary to give another attorney the power? 4. Who is the proper attorney to prosecute soldiers' claims."—1. The attorneys you name are considered honorable and reliable by all who know them in Washington City. 2. The attorney cannot collect payment of any Government claim except on a power of attorney duly executed by the claimant after the claim is allowed. Pension or bounty is by law paid direct to claimants. 3. A change of attorney in the prosecution of a claim in the department of the United States Government can only be made upon a cause deemed sufficient, upon an investigation and proof submitted to the Chief of the Department. 4. From a long and intimate knowledge we can safely refer you to T. W. Tallmadge, Attorney at Washington, D. C., to prosecute soldiers' claims.

PITH AND POINT.

Girls don't throw your cast off shoes in the alleyways, for alley gaiters are dangerous.—*Whitehall Times.*

"Now is the time to lay in your winter fuel," as the tramp said when he crept into the replenished wood shed.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

When a man gets up at the dead of night and flings a boot-jack out of the back window, his mind is intent on the Catskill range.—*N. Y. People.*

"What brought you to prison, my colored friend?" said a Yankee to a negro. "Two constables, sah. "Yes, but I mean had intemperance anything to with it?" "Yes, sah, day was too of 'em drunk."

Swell—I want to look at some neck handkerchiefs, please. Shopman—Ah, yes, yes! These will suit you for Spring wear. They are very genteel—I have a set myself. —*Harvard Lampoon.*

"How did you come to get married?" asked a man of a very homely friend. "Well, you see," he replied, "after I'd vainly tried to win several girls that I wanted, I finally turned my attention to one that wanted me, and then it didn't take long to fix things."

A medical man says he can prove to anybody's satisfaction that the bites of mosquitoes are positively beneficial to the human system. Now, Jersey, here's your chance. "Summer home for invalids; mosquitoes in fine biting condition; special skeeter rooms fitted up for gouty patients."

Observation has taught us that the most effective powder is the non-explosive kind. For an illustration of this self-evident proposition, just watch a man who has been out quite late the night previous, trying to scrape a white substance off the right shoulder of his Sunday go-to-meeting coat.—*Hackensack Republican.*

"I am the corpse's brother, and I object to any such singing" remarked one of the mourners at a Portland funeral the other day. Which reminds us of Carleton's "Church Organ":

"And when the folks stand up to sing,
Whene'er that time shall be,
I do not want no patient thing
A squealin' over me."

An intoxicated mosquito was found in Washington. He was believed to have stung Zach., the statesman.—*Boston Post.* Anything above the grade of an intoxicated mosquito would know that to attack the old Michigan statesman means to get hurt. *Philadelphia Bulletin.*

Rev. Mr. Hubbell was riding on the New Haven road with a brother clergyman. On the train passing through Milford, the brother clergyman observed: "I used to preach in that place. That was sometime ago. I learn that the church is now used for an onion depot." "In which case it probably sheds more tears than it did then," solemnly suggested the Danbury pastor. The brother clergyman sank into a profound reverie.—*Danbury News.*

They were walking through a deserted mill and the watchman remarked to the visitor, "You see, every mule spinner struck and—" "Yes, I see," said the visitor, kindly completing the sentence, "the mule's been in here and struck terror to the operatives, and that's why there's nothing doing." The watchman "allowed" afterwards that that wasn't just what he was going to say, but the fellow seemed so pleased with his quickness of perception that he hadn't the heart to say a word.—*Boston Transcript.*

The Sunday School.

Victory over Death.

LESSON 4, SUNDAY, JULY 27, 1879.

GOLDEN TEXT.—Jesus said unto her, I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live.—John 11; 25.

LESSON TEXT.

1 Cor. 15: 50-58

50. Now this I say brethren, that flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God; neither doth corruption inherit incorruption. 51. Behold, I shew you a mystery; we shall not all sleep, but we shall be changed. 52. In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump; for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed. 53. For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality. 54. So when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory. 55. O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? 56. The sting of death is sin, and the strength of sin is the law. 57. But thanks be to God which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ. 58. Therefore, my beloved brethren, be ye stead fast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know your labor is not in vain in the Lord.

ILLUSTRATIVE APPLICATIONS.

Flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God (v. 50).—to gain a greater blessing in this world we must commonly yield a lesser one. A little boy is very ready to wish he were a man; but when he is sent off to sleep by himself, out of sight and sound of mother, or when he first goes away to school, or to find a place of business in another town, he wishes he could retain more of his childhood privileges while reaching out after those of manhood. A young maiden may be full of joyous anticipations of married life, of a new oneness of existence with the husband of her love; but when she is really far separated from her old home and the loved ones there, the thought will come to her at times that it would be very pleasant if she were not compelled to yield the old joys and treasures, while having the new ones which she prizes so highly. The precise conditions of the earlier estate cannot exist in the latter. With progress and gain there are always surrenders and loss. no increase of possessions can be secured with out some cost to the possessor. No enlarged sphere can be occupied without added toil and trials. Neither we nor they whom we love can be in heaven without giving up earth. Glorified spirits cannot remain in the body. "Flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God." Mortal death is essential to immortal life.

We shall all sleep (v. 51.)—On a long day's journey the passengers on a railway train grow weary. One after another drops into sleep. As the evening shuts in, it seems as if all were to be in this slumber. But before the last one has yielded to sleep, while some are yet awake and fresh, the train slackens its speed, and the conductor's voice calls the name of the longed for terminus. The journey's end came sooner than was feared to those who were watching; and it was all the pleasanter to them for that. In a lonely home a loving wife sits waiting for her sailor husband. He has been long away. The time of his return is uncertain; but it is looked forward to with unintermitted desire. What comfort to that watching wife would there be in the belief that before the night was again at hand, her husband would have crossed the threshhold! As we journey towards the Celestial City, and as we wait and watch for the coming of the Bridegroom, with all our fear of prolonged weariness and of overpowering trials, and with all our shrinking from the cold, dark night of death, there comes to us the encouraging assurance, "We shall not all sleep." The end is sooner than many have supposed. "For yet a little while, and He that shall come will come, and will not tarry."

The dead shall be raised incorruptible. (v. 52.)—So long as we are in the body we are susceptible of change. And the changes of the body come, sooner or later, to show the corruptibleness of the body. There is a peculiar beauty of infancy; another of childhood; another of maturity; another of age. But the changes which bring about these stages of development will not stay. The bodily powers begin to fail. The form is bowed. The steps totter. The face is wrinkled. The eyes dim. The ear is heavy. The mind is dulled. There is at last no longer beauty in that face or form even in the sight of those to whom it is dearest. How sad this truth would be to us all if there were nothing of hope beyond; if decay must continue until all were consumed. But death is the forerunner of the last change. When our Lord comes again, "his dead shall be raised incorruptible." There will then be to each of his saints a beauty never before attained to, and never to fail.

Then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory (v. 54.) "Then" When? At the second coming of our Lord; at the first resurrection. Then, and not until then, is the hopeful saying to be "brought to pass." Death is not yet "swallowed up in victory." Death is now—and until his destruction he will be—an "enemy." "The last enemy that shall be destroyed is death." A war has been long in progress. The enemy has been always defiant, and often victorious. The forces struggling against him are dispirited. They are without hope or cheer. A new commander is put over them. He has never failed in any contest. His presence is an earnest of victory. He gives the word for a new movement against the foe—a movement absolutely certain of success. Does that certainly make the enemy any less truly an enemy? Of course not. He who says that death is not an enemy is clearly not on the side of Him who is still battling with death, and cheering his servants to meet death bravely in the final struggle.

Thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ (v. 57.)—We are grateful to those who have helped us in little matters or in larger; to the man who loaned us money for the obtaining of our education, or for our starting in business; to the teacher whose knowledge and enthusiam inspired us to higher intellectual attainments; to the friend whose words of cheer and whose ennobling example called us effectually to the manliest struggles and to the holiest living. We have abounding gratitude towards those who were instrumental in rescuing us from peculiar danger; the physician whose skill and faithfulness brought us back from the verge of the grave; the commander whose heroism on land or sea was the means of our preservation from death; the servant of Christ whose prayers for us and pleadings with us were blessed to our conversion. But all these were mere instruments in the hands of Him who alone has power to save—to give life or to take it away. What then ought to be our gratitude toward the One who in and of himself is Teacher, Physician, Friend, Commander, Savior; who gave his life that we may never die; who has power over every enemy, and who gives to us assured success in our every struggle with every foe? "Thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."—*H. Clay Trumbull, in S. S. Times.*

A Family of Pets.

Hartford Courant.

A daughter of Mrs. Timothy Baldwin, of Milford, returned from Central America Thursday, bringing with her five monkeys, a young tiger, and several parrots and paroquets. The tiger is about three months old and weighs but a few pounds, being rather smaller than an ordinary sized cat. It has the appearance of a cat, except that its eyes are much larger and its tail is longer. It is as playful as a kitten, and submits to handling and to some annoyance without exhibiting the natural ferocity of its kind, although when it has reached its full growth, two years hence, it probably will show a change in its temper.

The *Independent* relates that a girl who had been very observant of her parents' mode of exhibiting their charity, being asked what generosity was, answered: "It's giving to the poor all the old stuff you don't want yourself."

HOP BITTERS.

If you are a man of business, weakened by the strain of your duties, avoid stimulants and use

HOP BITTERS!

If you are a man of letters, toiling over your midnight work to restore health use

HOP BITTERS

If you are young, and suffering from any indiscretion or disipation, if you are married or single, old or young, suffering from ill health or languishing on a bed of sickness, rely on

HOP BITTERS!

Whoever you are, wherever you are, whenever you feel that your system needs cleansing toning or stimulating, without *intoxicating*, take

HOP BITTERS!

Have you *dyspepsia, kidney or urinary complaint*, disease of the *stomach, bowels, blood, liver, or nerves*? You will be cured if you use

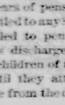
HOP BITTERS

If you are simply weak and low spirited, try it! Buy it. Insist upon it. Your druggist keeps it.

It may save your life. It has saved hundreds.

Hop Couch Cure is the sweetest, safest and best. Ask children. The Hop Pad for Stomach, Liver and Kidneys, is superior to all others. Cures by absorption. Hop Bitter Mfg'g Co., Rochester, N. Y. D. I. C. is an absolute and irresistable cure for drunkenness, use of opium, tobacco or narcotics. Above sold by druggists. Hop Bitter Mfg'g Co., Rochester, N. Y.

BREAD PREPARATION.



FORSFORD'S

SELF-RAISING

Bread Preparation

The Healthful and Nutritious,

BAKING POWDER,

Invented by E. N. Horsford, late Prof. in Harvard University.

It is better and Healthier than ordinary Baking Powder, Cream Tartar or Yeast.

The cost of Raising Bread, Biscuit, etc., with it is only about half as much as by ordinary Baking Powder, and the result is much better.

It restores the nutritious elements which are taken from the flour in bolting. No ordinary Baking Powder or anything else used for raising bread does this.

Universally used and recommended by prominent Physicians.

Put up in packages containing 11 ounces, just enough for 25 pounds of flour.

A sample sufficient for one quart of flour sent post-paid on receipt of a three cent stamp. For 35 cents, in stamps or currency, we will send, post-paid, a regular package sufficient for 25 pounds of flour.

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TOLEDO BLADE CO., Pubrs.

TOLEDO, O., THURSDAY, JULY 17, 1879.

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THE BLADE,
TOLEDO, OHIO.

Circulation this week, 83,980

It is fully recognized among all persons familiar with the publication of newspapers, that the Summer season is the season of inaction and rest in all matters pertaining to the extension of their circulation. There are very good reasons why this should be so. From all the cities and smaller towns the inhabitants escape singly and in bands into the country to avoid the heat and inconveniences of Summer, and to enjoy Nature in the open air, while in all the agricultural districts the farmers are engrossed in cultivating the growing crops and harvesting the ripened grain. In both cases the long-drawn days and the absence of evenings do away with both the desire and the opportunity for reading, even if it were otherwise possible. We explain this generally recognized condition of things at length in order that our readers may appreciate what follows. With the past week the circulation of the BLADE has gone up with the thermometer till our books show a net gain over the week preceding of *two thousand subscribers*. At this time of the year such an increase is remarkable beyond comment. It is something which has never before been known to happen in the history of the BLADE, or any other paper in the country. We venture to believe that it indicates an interest in the paper which not even the labors and distractions of summer can dissipate. It affords indisputable evidence that the BLADE is not merely holding its own, but that it is gaining ground surely and steadily, and that it will go into the Fall campaign with enormous advantages for building up an enormous circulation. Meantime we are satisfied that the influences which have produced this remarkable increase are still at work, and we shall be disappointed if the BLADE does not go even higher than the thermometer before the Summer is over.

SEND for catalogue of our new books.

THE Chicago *Times* speaks of the leaders of the Democracy as "Organized appetite."

THE admission fee to the Long Branch pier is only ten cents, and yet the receipts thus far have been, it is said, $2,500.

THE Republicans in Kentucky are basing their campaign on the decadence of the State in every way under Democratic rule.

THE literature of GEORGE ELLIOT finds such appreciation that 3,000 copies of her new work were ordered before the book was issued from the press.

THE money the Memphis people are spending to take themselves and families away from danger would have cleaned up their streets nicely.

CHICAGO *Journal*. There are three things that are no longer of any use—a squeezed lemon, an exploded firecracker, and a hopelessly fossilized Democrat.

THE BLADE will be full of political interest from this time till after the Fall elections.

THE WOODRUFF scientific expedition is to be revived under the auspices of President CLARK, of the Massachusetts Agricultural College. It will set sail in the "General Wexler," as soon as 200 students join.

THE foreign papers are publishing the Prince Imperial's prayer. It was the failure of the young man's watching that got him into trouble. If he had kept a better lookout for the Zulus, he might have been able to run off in time.

THERE is little doubt that the crops in Europe this year will be very short. While this will call for a large quantity of American grain, there is danger of over-estimating the amount, since the purchases from this country in the last two years have made great inroads upon the surplus money of Europe, and until we increase our purchases from them it is doubtful if they can increase theirs from us.

THE Copenhagen *Morgenbladet* published a manifesto signed by nine of the leading members of the Radical party in the Lower House, in which Cabinet Ministers were charged with having "knowingly and with malice aforethought kept the King in ignorance of, or wickedly misrepresented to his Madjesty, the true political feeling in the country," as well as with having violated the Constitution. The Ministers prosecuted the nine signatories of the manifesto, and the judgement of the court condemns each to three months' imprisonment without the option of a fine.

IN view of the numerous boy homicides which are occurring in different parts of the country, the Courts have found it a most painful matter to handle the cases and to decide at what age moral accountability begins. In the case of little FRANK WILLIAMS, of Nilsen, S. C., who murdered a colored boy, Judge HUDSON in charging the jury for acquittal, held that "a child under seven years of age is incapable of entertaining malice: that between the ages of seven and 14 a child might be capable of harboring malice, but *prima facie* such a child is incapable of entertaining malice." If every boy murderer is acquitted, and not kept in some kind of watchful confinement, what security has society from the frequent commissions of murders by young boys of the POMEROY type. Surely self-preservation ought to be the first law of nature in such cases, and children with murderous propensities should be guarded like the dangerously insane.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The National Capital is in a state of summer quiet, heightened by the extreme altitude of the thermometer, and the absence of the horde of Democratic politicians, many of whom are junketing over the country as members of fraudulent special committees, etc. The President and his Cabinet have either departed already for cooler scenes, or are about to do so, and only the routine business of the various departments is in progress.

A dispatch says the Secretary of the Treasury requests holders of 10-40 called bonds to forward them to the Department as soon as possible. He says it will be physically impossible to redeem promptly on the 18th and 21st inst., very large amounts then falling due, unless the bonds are received at an early day. If sent forward at once, they will be remitted for at maturity.

It appears from a circular just issued by the Treasury Department that Sec. SHERMAN proposes to enforce as closely as may be the law which provides for the appointment of honorably discharged soldiers to Federal positions. In a circular dated July 3d and addressed to Collectors of Customs, Assistant Treasurers and others, he requests that hereafter when submitting nominations for appointment to subordinate positions under their direction they state the service of the nominee in the army or navy during the rebellion.

The past week has been marked by a succession of severe storms in different portions of the country. Portions of Vermont were visited on the 14th by a terrible storm of hail and wind which destroyed crops and vegetation, and uprooted trees and fences. In Ohio and Michigan on the 11th and 12th instss., heavy storms occurred which were of unusual severity and attended by much damage. The injury to the growing and partially harvested crops will be immense, but will be partially made good by the subsequent fair weather. The wheat in shock is said to be sprouted some in Central Ohio, but the damage in this regard will not be extensive.

The gloomy condition of the present crop in Europe has produced a decided activity in our own market, and prices of new wheat are firm and active with a decidedly upward tendency. Eastern capitalists have gone into the Western markets and are contracting freely for all the new wheat and corn they can for future delivery. Indications are that unless the influx of new grain should break the back of the market, which is not at all probable, that our farmers will this fall have the finest market for their grain and the best prices they have known for years. The movement of new grain toward a market has already begun, and the indications are that the crop will be one of the largest harvested in this country for years.

The War Department at Washington has just issued a very interesting tabulated statement, showing the total number of men furnished the Union army by each State and Territory from April 15, 1861, to the close of the Rebellion. From this statement it appears that the total number of troops enlisted was 2,678,967. New York furnished the greatest number of any single State, 467,047, with Pennsylvania second, Ohio third and Illinois fourth.

Secretary SHERMAN visited Philadelphia on Tuesday, and during a trip down the river made a brief speech, in reply to an invitation. In his remarks, which related chiefly to resumption, the Secretary called attention to the fact that only $7,000,000 in gold and silver had thus far been drawn in exchange for greenbacks. He said resumption, which had been persistently carried out, promised to work the greatest good to all parties involved, and gave the most hopeful indications for the future of the country.

The entire South has been convulsed with excitement during the past week by the breaking out of yellow fever at Memphis, Tenn., and several deaths have been reported. A few of the cases have been declared by competent physicians not to be yellow fever, and it is believed that the fever has not appeared in an epidemic form. Notwithstanding these explanations, thousands of people are fleeing from Memphis, and the Southern Cities generally have quarantined against her. Our telegraphic reports indicate that for the present, at least, the yellow fever seems to have been stayed, and the National Board of Health is of the opinion that if the proper sanitary measures are adopted, no general epidemic need be anticipated. It deems the cases that have thus far occurred, to have arisen from germs of the disease lurking over from last year, and not from a new importation.

THE HONEST MONEY LEAGUE AS AN EDUCATOR.

Whether or not the Honest Money League is a medium of political influence or not, the plan of it as an educator of public opinion, and a rational method of public instruction is to be commended. It is probably the first systematic attempt of the kind ever made in the United States. It recognizes the fact that the people need some cheap medium of political information of a non-partisan character. What they get from their party papers and party leaders is of necessity colored with partisan prejudices. Besides, it is too fragmentary and too ephemereal to impart thorough information and make intelligent and lasting impressions. The Honest Money League was, as has been stated, organized at a time when no political campaigns were in progress, and the organization is composed of both Democrats and Republicans who agree on the subjects of National finance, and who labor together for what they deem correct financial principles, leaving each to go his own way on other questions. The League lays great stress on the importance of a clear basis of fact for all financial theories. Indeed its published documents are little else than a compendium of facts, from the study of which people are left to their own conclusions. They are absolutely free, not only from ordinary political rant, but from dogmatism of all kinds. No reader can fail to be impressed with the care taken in their preparation to condense valuable information within small space, and to place it within reach of the public in cheap form. These documents, which can be had, ranging in prices from three to 10 cents per copy, according to size and number ordered, ought to be read by every one who wishes to know the facts before making up his opinion. There is nothing in them to offend the taste of any sane and reasonable man of any party.

DON'T LIKE IT.

It is sorrowful to discover how many people there are in this world whom it is impossible to suit. The sweetest and choicest of life's blessings seem sour and mildewed to their vitiated tastes. Now here is actually one whose soul loveth not the BLADE, nor its teachings:

To the Editor of the BLADE.

No one can read your sheet without being convinced that it is unreliable in every particular. Your effort to fasten the *stigma of lawlessness*—in connection with the violation of the revenue laws in East Tennessee—upon the Democrats is unjust and notoriously untrue. The voting population of East Tennessee was almost unanimous in opposition to secession, is now strongly Republican, and, though I have always been a Unionist, I am compelled to admit that most of the lawlessness—indeed all within my knowledge—can be traced to the Republican party. Your "Andersonville" pieces may, in ceatain localities, make votes for the Radical party; but with well-informed persons, those who were acquainted with the *cartel* for the exchange of prisoners, its violation, the percentage of deaths in Northern prisons, etc., they will accomplish nothing. I have a neighbor who while a prisoner at Camp Chase, was shot by the guard while reading his Bible. His limb was amputated, and he is compelled to live by farming. These are facts, which every official in this Republican County will endorse.

Please inform me on what fields of carnage you won your laurels "that you have grown so great." You must have snuffed it afar off, and "distance lends enchantment to your view." All honor noble old *Joe Johnston*, Ewing and others, who having fought their battles, are for restoring the Union by a return to the principles of '76.

Give this a place in your *Old Soldiers' Column*. Comment as you please. Send my paper until time expires, and my word for it if you continue to improve, instead of *Hurt's prayer* being answered, you will be well qualified to run a paper in his *Satanic Majesty's dominions*, after exemplifying that 'Facilis descensus Averno.' In big letters, without much respect for head or heart, P. S. JANEWAY.

Nave Hill, Union Co., Tenn., June 24.

This is a deliciously absurd document, with only coherence enough to let us gather the idea that he disapproves of the BLADE'S course, and not enough art to conceal for a moment the ludicrousness of his claim to having been a "Union" man. His Unionism probably dates from the time that he matured a claim against the Government. His statement that it is the Union men who are the lawless element in East Tennessee is a palpable falsehood, which will not go down for an instant with the many readers of the BLADE, who served in East Tennessee during the Rebellion, and know from personal experience that its Union element was the intelligent, educated, law-abing, property-holding class of citizens, while the Rebels were, as a rule, the reverse—and a more thoroughly murderous, rascally crowd never existed outside of the Penitentiary. They and the native Missourians were the Bashi-Bazouks of our War—prowling, skulking assassins, always far from the front, where there was actual danger to incur, always hovering around some defenseless village, some lone house of a Union man, to bushwhack the men, outrage the women, and steal the stock. "A neighbor who, while a prisoner at Camp Chase, was shot by the guard while reading his Bible." There are few, if any, East Tennessee Rebels who would not be willing to agree to be shot if ever caught reading a Bible.

Mr. JANEWAY makes the strongest test of our credulity in this statement.

"Now he is compelled to live by farming." This must be rough on a man who probably before he was incapacitated for riding gained a subsistence by raiding his Union fellow citizens.

Mr. JANEWAY'S insinuation in regard to the political purposes of "Andersonville" is simply idiotic. Every effort has been made to tell the story in a non-partizan way, and all readers will bear witness to the moderation and freedom from intemperate epithets that characterizes the narration. The only fault that has been found with the story by any Andersonville prisoner has been that it did not make the picture as bad as it should be.

FIATISM IN THE SOUTH.

SEN. LAMAR says that Mississippi is honey combed with Greenbackism, that the whole South seems ripe for a departure in the same direction, and that we may look for it to support the Soft Money legislation which will be introduced into Congress at the next session. There is too much reason to fear that Mr. LAMAR has stated the entire truth. It has always been a mystery to most people why the South has not shown a greater partiality for the paper lunacy. It is the first dangerous political heresy which has not originated and been strenuously supported by that section. Fiatism has everything to commend it to the typical Southerner. It is a collection of half truths, mingled with specious lies and appeals to passion and prejudice, which must be instantly captivating to the uneducated emotional man who casts a majority of the votes south of the Ohio River. Already hating the people of the North, and especially those of New England, for their war and anti-slavery record, he will lend a willing ear to the story that they have also plundered him and his section by oppressive financial legislation. Once possessed of this idea it will color his political complexion forever more. Swift to grasp an idea when its salient point is hate, it takes as tenacious hold of his mental nature as malaria does of an exhausted system. One month after the leaders of the Southern Democracy begin their propaganda of Fiatism, every one of their followers will believe that the people of the North have added to all their other crimes against the South that of impoverishing it by artful shylockism, and it will take years to weaken this impression, and decades to obliterate it. There have been three things which have stood in the way so far in the spread of Greenbackism in that section:

1.—The desire of the Southern leaders to be in entire accord with the Democracy of the North. As long as the Democracy so only gave quasi support to Greenbackism, the Southerners would have none of it.

2.—The expectation that the Greenback craze would be short lived, and that those entertaining would speedily return to their senses.

3.—The disastrous experience of the South with the Confederate Fiat money.

While the solidification of the South on Fiatism is to be sincerely deprecated, it can give no hopes of the national success of that idea. The entire success of Resumption has been an irresistible practical demonstration of the benefits of a stable currency, which will set the great mass of the people in firm array against any disturbers of the financial situation, no matter under what pretext. The South will only injure itself by becoming the champion of still another class of ideas which are repulsive to the best sense of the great mass of the community.

AGENTS for "Andersonville" are sending in their applications for territory by the hundreds.

LOCAL SELF-GOVERNMENT AND STATES RIGHTS.

Local self-government has no logical connection whatever with the dogma known as States Rights. To say that it has betrays either a deliberate intention to deceive, or such a hopeless confusion of ideas as to make rational argumentation impossible. Were all the tenets which form the backbone of Calhounism disowned and denounced to-day by their supporters, and the ground wholly abandoned by these latter, it would not work one iota of damage to the principle that all communities, large and small, must and should manage their own internal affairs. The distinction between this system of local administration and States Rights as enunciated by CALHOUN is measurelessly deep and broad. Every one, no matter what his political creed, recognizes in all its entirety the justice and expediency of localized government, and the supremacy of that authority in all that is purely local. No one doubts that in the matter of paving streets and sidewalks, in the regulation of markets, in the adjustment of various conditions of municipal life, the City should be supreme; in another series of matters of a little wider range the County authorities enjoy a like supremacy. Then, as the range still widens, State machinery is brought in to render taxation, the maintenance of order, the preservation of property, the punishment of crime, the regulation of internal affairs generally, uniform and certain over a more extended section, and finally the National power intervenes as the supreme law of the land in all that pertains to the whole people and their well-being.

It is evident that the fullest admission of the right of each of these integers of the Commonwealth—these divisions and and subdivisions of the great whole—to manage its own affairs within its own limits, does not for a moment give it any power over those which are already outside its boundaries, or whose influence will extend outside; nor does it for a moment circumscribe the rights and powers of the superior government in dealing with such affairs. For example: The City of Cincinnati has the right to tax its citizens for improvements made for the general good inside of the City limits; it can punish them for the violation of regulations made to secure the peace, comfort and prosperity of the great mass congregated together under the conditions that exist in that City. But it can have no voice in framing such regulations for Toledo, Columbus or Cleveland, because each of these Cities have the same rights of local self-government as Cincinnati, and are naturally the best judges as to their individual needs.

The offenses of theft, murder, robbery, fraud, flagrant disorder, etc., are, on the other hand, not against the people of Cincinnati so much as against the whole community. Their evil tendencies and effects extend outside the contracted limits of City, Township or County, and, in the words of the statute, are "against the peace and dignity of the State," and consequently the State uses all its power to prevent or punish them. In the same way it assumes control over matters of civil administration in which more than one locality is interested. Where the City has charge of its streets, sidewalks, docks, wharves and markets, the State exercises a like controlling supervision over the pikes, canals, rivers, ferries, railroads, bridges, and Common Schools. This aspect of its functions is one of pure convenience. The City regulates the intimate relations to each other of a quarter of million of people, occupying 15 square miles of territory. The State regulates the more casual relations of four millions of people, occupying 40,000 square miles. Their functions do not differ in kind, but in degree. We go a step farther, and find the Nation in the same relation to the State, that the State is to the City, Township or County. In all that pertains to the welfare of the people inside of its boundaries the State is paramount; whatever reaches beyond its limits to affect the whole people the Nation takes cognizance. The City of Toledo prescribes how JOHN SMITH shall build his house, so as not to endanger his neighbors' how he shall drive his horse through the streets, how he shall use water, and build sidewalks, and conduct himself when on the streets or in places of public resort towards JAMES JONES, PETER BROWN, and others of his fellow citizens. Then the State of Ohio steps in and lays down rules forbidding him to commit certain crimes which are offenses against the well-being of the entire community. It informs him upon what terms he can use the roads, bridges, canals, rivers, ferries and railroads of a territory 250 miles long by 200 miles wide, and of the relations generally that he will sustain to the four millions of his fellow citizens who dwell therein. Then the United States informs him of the relations he bears and are borne toward him by the 45 millions of people inhabiting the country between the two oceans. It is his duty to assist in the defense of all this country, to serve in the Army or Navy, to uphold the country's honor and sustain its policy. He has the right of traveling peacably whenever he chooses, along all the natural or artificial highways, and he must allow others that right to the fullest extent. Being a citizen of the United States, he is entitled to vote and hold office anywhere in the country, subject only to such local regulations as have been instituted to prevent fraud. While he is liable to punishment by State and municipal authorities for infractions of local laws, he is liable to punishment by the United States for violation of the more general laws which control the relations and intercourse of the citizens of the entire Nation. Treason, rebellion, counterfeiting, smuggling, violation of the mails, defrauding the Internal Revenue, interfering with the electoral right of United States citizens are offenses against the whole people, and are accordingly punishable by the whole people.

BARON MUNCHAUSEN.

Perhaps the most amusing and ingenious pieces of exaggeration extant is that known to the reading public, under the title of the "Adventures of Baron Munchausen." It was read and enjoyed by our grandfathers, who handed it over to their children, and they in turn having had their laugh, have bequeathed it to us. We offer in our new catalogue a very fine edition of this celebrated work, the regular price of which is $2.00. We will send a copy postpaid to any address on receipt of $1.25, or the book and the BLADE one year for $2.75. It is a capital book to take on a Summer trip or to read in the shade during the long hot afternoons.

MORE TROUBLE FOR THE DEMOCRACY.

The census now troubles the Democracy. To many this will seem inexplicable, as they cannot understand why so harmless a thing as a census should disturb anybody, unless, perchance, the inhabitants of pretentious Cities, who dread exposure of the hollowness of their bombast. Why should not a political party—as well as all good citizens—rejoice at this numbering of the people which will tell us the amount of our progress in the past decade—the strides we have made towards becoming the leading Nation of the earth, how our manufacturers have multiplied and developed, our railroads lengthened, our schools grown, our houses become multitudinous, our women brought forth freemen fit to take up the burden of life when we lay it down. All these things are a delight to that patriotic man whose hopes and aspirations are all for the good of his country, who

Looks forward through the distance of ages to see
The many grown wiser, made happy and free.

But to the Democrat there is a dreg in the bottom of the cup which poisons the whole delicious draft. That dreg is the knowledge that the census will wrest the scepter of power from the Solid South, and place it in the grasp of the grand North Central portion of the country. Since 1870 none of the Southern States save Texas have grown to any appreciable extent. Lands ruled by the shot-gun, States dominated by the revolver, communities cowering under the scourge of midnight assassins, have not proven attractive to the emigrant in search of a home where he could hope to sit under the vine planted by his own industry, and beneath the fig-tree cultivated by his skill and forethought; where the sound of the church bell would fall on his own ears, and the school bell on that of his children. He preferred the wild desolation of the Minnesota prairie to the perverted civilization of the Louisiana bottoms. He could more easily make the Kansas wilderness blossom as a rose than change the nature of the bulldozer with whom he must neighbor if he went to Mississippi—in a word, he preferred Nature unspoiled to spoiled, and went where every prospect pleased and there was no man to be vile.

Consequently Minnesota, Iowa, Wisconsin, Kansas, Nebraska and Colorado have grown like a green bay tree, Illinois, Indiana, Ohio and Michigan have thriven more moderately, but Virginia, North Carolina, South Carollna and Georgia, have withered like a fruit tree on a worn-out soil, and Kentucky, Alabama, Tennessee, Mississippi, Louisiana, Arkansas, and Missouri, have at best only stood still. Texas has perhaps increased as much as Minnesota. The result will be that the States along the Atlantic seaboard will lose very heavily in representation in Congress, those in the Mississippi Valley will also be cut down somewhat, but not so much, while Texas will probably gain two or three. Altogether it is estimated that the total loss to the South will be at least 15 Representatives, who will be proportioned out among the States of the Upper Mississippi Valley.

Since this fact has become apparent by the inquiries preliminary to the census of 1880, the Democrats have been greatly exercised as to what should be done in the premises. The action they contemplate is now being foreshadowed by the Southern papers. It is that the United States should be subjected to some such a villainous gerrymander as was perpetrated in Ohio and Indiana. The Richmond papers declare that the present Congress should by all means fix the ratio of representation for the 10 years following 1880, and assign to each State its proper number. There is no mistaking the meaning of this. If possible, the Forty-sixth Congress will commit an outrage with a view of securing the perpetuation of Democratic power, which will make all its other misdemeanors seem venial by comparison.

THE LATE WILLIAM ALLEN.

The death of Hon. WILLIAM ALLEN, which occurred unexpectedly on the 11th, removes a man who played in his time a part singularly disproportionate to his abilities. He is the last of a group of heavy, ponderous, pretentious men whom the public of 25 years ago denominated "statesmen." They cultivated an owl-like dignity and a Johnsonian diction, and were perpetually posing and attitudizing before the people. Some of them—as CLAY, WEBSTER, CALHOUN, and others—were men of real ability, who had ideas, and were naturally leaders of men, but, as a rule there was little to any of them but voice and manners. The trick of uttering platitudes in a sonorous voice, with a wooden countenance, and moving through life as if deprived of the number of joints usual to other men, was nearly their whole stock in trade, and people elevated them to honors and dignities in proportion to their success in appearing unlike any other men of importance in the world.

Mr. ALLEN was a fine type of this class. He had an imposing figure, a full, round sonorous voice, an impregnable confidence in himself, and that the few aphorisms and apothegms that he had stored his mind with were the sum and essence of human wisdom. Knowledge, in the sense of the word now accepted, he had none. He knew nothing, and cared less, for the progress of scientific thought. The experiments of HUXLEY, the theories of TYNDALL, the ratiocinations of DARWIN were to him fantastic gibberish, of which he took as little heed as men of sense do the transcendental bosh of a half-crazy Spiritualist. Nor was he capable of comprehending or reasoning on less abstract and more practical matters. No sentence of his ever gave any evidence that he fully understood a single principle of our Government; it is doubtful if he ever read one work on political economy, or could state with tolerable correctness any proposition defining the nature and operation of any of the laws of trade. Early in life he learned a speech with a number of generalizations in regard to the rights of the people, and their danger from the aristocracy. He pieced on to this—to give it a classical and learned look—a description of the way the Athenian orators used to address the population—the *demos*, he was always careful to say—from a rock on the hillside. To this he added a diatribe against the Federalists for their conduct during the War of 1812—"digging around the roots of Federalism," he used to term this part of his speech. He went through the rest of his life delivering this oration in a thundering voice, and with the air and attitude of a man stating new and crushing truths, wrought out in the fiery furnace of struggling convictions.

The trick succeeded. He was elevated from one position to another until he became Senator of the United States. Then people began to find out that there was no other music behind this sounding bass drum. The solemn "boom-boom-boom" became distressingly tiresome, and he was retired to private life until his utter emptiness was forgotten by the rising generation. They only remembered that he was a Senator when WEBSTER and CLAY were, and they reasoned from that that he was a great man. One set of speeches, one term as Governor, dispelled this hallucination effectually.

But we will say all possible in favor of the dead: There is no smirch of any kind upon his personal honesty.

EXIT, NAPOLEON IV.

However much individuals and peoples may differ, honestly, in the estimate of many great men, it appears to be conceded that the assumption of the so-called "Napoleon" dynasty hardly commanded any respect outside of France, (if we may except the class across the channel which represent the term "flunkyism,") and with only a *working majority* among the French people.

People in Europe had become accustomed to call the young Frenchman who recently became "assegaied," down in some remote jungle of Africa, "Prince," but to almost anyone of an impartial knowledge of history, it seemed a satire, and reminds one of the latter portion of the career of the Confederacy, when J. Davis, Esq., of Mississippi was found in swaddling clothes, and when in response to an appeal from some of his personal escort to respect "our President," the rough riders of Michigan remarked "President! H—l—what is he President of any way?"

It would seem possible that with the late Prince so-called, the habit of spectacular military fame might become fossilized and laid upon the shelf of the history of the past, as it has already acquired a respectable age. The French people have not unfrequently been imposed upon, and all civilization impeded by their susceptibility to the dramatic, and the Napoleon dynasty seemed to have been quite in luck, by trading upon that fatal penchant.

It does, at least, seem that they had about determined to abandon that brilliant *bon* of their celebrated wit, and dethrone the maxim, "Nothing is so successful as success."

If the reporters are correct, the Zulus nipped in the bud a very neat *coup* which the Duke De Cassagnac had already planned, and which was to ripen upon the return of the bronzed Prince, in about one year.

But "L'homme propose et Dieu dispose." Africa has been the favorite territory and the incipient martial power of his dynasty, and the Prince had to choose between Chili and Peru, Afghanistan, or the land of the Zulu, and hence it was the latter, both from the hereditary tendency of the family, and from its extreme distance from civilization, as both he and his advisers understand the long ago maxim, "Omne ignotum pro magnifico." "The unknown is always wonderful."

The boyish Cadet, with a little shading of down upon the upper lip was to be returned to the great country, to which De Cassagnac and he owed such a tremendous lot of duty and devotion, with a shaggy, lion like growth of manly hair about his lower maxillary, and throat, together with a record of great feats and strategic diversions with unknown and unknowable Zulu giants. What a grand plot to be destroyed by some dozen or so "assegai."

Meanwhile let young aspirants, who design to dodge the growing vigilance of the French people, get out some more original plan of conquest. Let them learn to compete for honor nearer home, in an open, manly fashion, and no one will dispute their claim for *royalty*, so long as it is sustained by the proper proof of brains and loyalty. The custom of looking abroad for a rapid growth in popular esteem is as old as the history of the politics of war. Every one familiar with the annals of Rome, from the day of her Emperors, recalls, even in the days of Consulship, the unhappy ambition to resort to outside campaigns for home promotion, and the fate of MARIUS, SCYLLA and CATALINE, of the later AUGUSTUS, AURELIAN, DOMITIAN, and nearly all that list of Emperors, who reigned so briefly and ignobly, and who won the people by the sword in the provinces. Africa, Spain, the British Isles, Gallia, Parthia, Syria, each have been the frontier of conquest and all teach the vanity of a hope for permanent fame, by the strategy of spectacular dramatization. It was of the House of Bourbon that Napoleon I. observed "they neither learned nor forgot anything," but some of the Bourbon genius seems to have attached itself to their late successors.

OUR CARELESS FRIENDS.

We are again obliged to publish a list of our careless friends. We can do nothing for them unless somebody who knows them and who sees their names here will kindly inform them of their shortcomings. Until that is done it will be at once evident that we can do nothing to fill their orders.

Isaac Sharp, no P. O., no date, Clark County, Mo., 50c.
No name, Summer Hill, July 7th, Illinois, $1.
A. Lothrop, Rutland, July 8th, no State, $1.
L. B. Lyon, P. M., Black Creek, July 7th, no State, 30c.
W. H. Harris, Trenton, July 6th, no State, $1.25.
J. T. Courson, no P. O., no date, no State, $1.25.
R. O. Moorhead, no P. O., July 5th, no State, 60c.
J. T. Hand, Elm Grove, no date, no State, 50c.
J. Nair, no P. O., June 28, no State, 25c.
Mrs. E. N. Wright, no P. O., June 30, no State, 90 cts.
J. Mullen, P. M., no P. O., June 26, no State, 60 cts.
O. L. Danis, no P. O., June 25, no State, 25 cts.
N. F. Tripp, Westport, June 25, no State, 50c.
No name, Sadorus, June 23, Illinois, 30 cts.
H. C. Walker, no P. O., no date, no State, $1.
J. W. Ivers, New Haven, June 17, no State, 90 cts.
J. H. Smith, no P. O., no date, no State, 60 cts
E. M. Kinsey, no P. O., no date, no State, 50c.
L. A. Parker, New Baltimore, May 15, no State, $1.
Mrs. L. Miller, no P. O., no date, no State, 60c.
A. C. Mitchell, Hamburg, June 6, no State, 50c.
Jas. Howard, no P. O., May 27, no State, 60c.
No name, Union Grove, March 6, no State, $1.
R. B. Swafford, Feb. 24, no P. O., no State, 30c.
F. N. Tibbetts, Feb. 14, Springfield, no State, $1.92.
No name, March 9, Coal River Marshes, W. Va., 50c.
J. A. Gardner, Jan. 22, Linden, no State, 50c.

Also a registered package containing $3.00 in silver with no postoffice given, and accompanied by no letter—in short, nothing to give any clue to its origin, or the purpose to which it is to be applied.

ASK your friends who wish to subscribe for a first class family weekly, to examine the BLADE.

LOOK out for a most exciting new story in the BLADE about the last of August.

A TALK WITH GEN. TOOMBS.

Why, in His Opinion, the Confederacy Failed.

A Sharp Arraignment of Jefferson Davis for General Inefficiency—The Union a Temporary Concern.

Correspondence of the Philadelphia Times.

ATLANTA, Ga., July 1.—The recent speech made by Gen. "Bob" Toombs in the case of the State against Treasurer "Jack" Jones disclosed an alarming condition of physical weakness on the part of the old man eloquent, and gave too plain evidence that his race has been nearly run. Three or four times he tottered to his chair and sat down to rest. His mind is still powerful, and his frame is massive and erect, but it is quite clear that he is not equal to a sustained effort. The people of Georgia never loved any man better than they love Gen. Toombs, and the signs of his breaking down have awakened a tender interest in him and in all that too him pertains. He is the most remarkable man in many respects that the South ever produced, and it is doubtful if the records of a lordlier life than his can be found in the history of our Republic.

In a long talk with your correspondent he talked freely of the events that led up to Secession, the organization of the secession Government, the causes of the failure of the Confederacy, of his flight after the collapse, of his opinions of Reconstruction, and threw much light on these interesting topics.

"I have always believed in the sovereignty of the State," he said, "but I have been very much misunderstood on the subject of Secession. I have never believed the Constitution of the United States was a good one, and as an original question I would never have voted for it—but I was not the blatant Secessionist that I have been represented, that is, up to the time that I thought there was no place or security for my people in the Union. Then I determined to lead them ont of a compact that was protected by nothing but good faith back of it. My first vote was cast for Andrew Jackson, but I fell out with him about the nullification troubles.

"In 1850 I supported the Clay Compromise very strongly. It has never been my custom to consult my constituents on public matters. When, therefore, they became angered at my adherence to the compromise that promised to save the Union, I only stuck to it the closer. My position was made an issue in Georgia, and a convention of the people was called. I came home to defend it. I united with Howell Cobb, who was conspicuous just then for having refused to sign the 'Southern Address,' and with Alexander Stephens, who stood upon the same ground I did. Mr. Cobb ran for Governor, Stephens for Congress, and I fought for my record. We whipped the fire-eaters out and carried the State handsomely. I stood by those views of compromise in the Union substantially until after the failure of the Crittenden Compromise. I supported Breckenridge in that campaign of 1860. Mr. Stephens supported Douglas, and Ben Hill supported Bell. We led the three elements in Georgia at that time.

"After Lincoln's election I saw the trouble was brewing, but I was still unwilling to commit myself to Secession, and then, too, I was not certain that Georgia could be carried on that issue. Stephens and Hill were both for Union. I telegraphed Breckenridge, asking him to appoint a representative committee that would offer some compromise to meet the pressing exigency. He appointed on this committee, among others, Crittenden, to represent Bell and Everett, or rather the men who had supported them; Jeff Davis and myself for his friends; Seward for Lincoln, and Douglas himself. The Crittenden Compromise was offered. I supported it heartily and sincerely, although the sullen obstinacy of Seward had made it almost impossible to do anything. For supporting this compromise I was denounced in Georgia by Ben Hill as having betrayed my section and my people. I didn't mind this at all, as Ben is always denouncing somebody or something. At length I saw that the compromise measures must fail. With a persistent obstinacy that I have never yet seen surpassed, Seward and his backers refused every overture. I then telegraphed to Atlanta: 'All at an end. North determined. Seward will not budge an inch. Am in favor of secession.' When the fight was fairly opened I still felt doubtful about carrying the State. The people were determined against submission to the encroachments of the North, but there were many who favored the appointment of a peace commission, others who wanted to wait for co-operation, and still others who feared to take so desperate a step; and let me say right here that I never doubted the gravity of the situation. The statement that I said that I would drink all the blood that was spilled is one of the stereotyped lies they have circulated about me when I left the Senate. I knew it meant war, and I said in my farewell speech that the next time I looked upon Washington I thought it would be at the head of Southern troops."

"What about the name of Montgomery?"

"The secret history of that meeting has never been given. The majority of the delegates were opposed to the election of Mr. Davis. His own State, Mississippi, was opposed to him, and if the vote had been cast by delegates, rather than by States, he could never have been elected. Carolina was for Davis all the time. He suited the extreme views of that State, and Mr. Rhett held the delegates well in hand. Florida had only three votes. One of these, Anderson, was an old schoolfellow of Davis's, and Owens was a Carolinian, and under the influence of Rhett. They outvoted the third delegate and gave Davis the State. With these two States, each counting as much as Georgia, he secured the Alabama delegation by one vote—by means of what trickery I will not discuss. Georgia, Mississippi and Louisiana would have preferred either Mr. Cobb or myself; but neither of us were candidates, and neither would consent to have a struggle; so they agreed with the three States that had spoken. Texas, informally represented acquiesced, and Mr. Davis was elected. I was not on good terms with Mr. Davis. He appointed me Secretary of State. I declined to accept it, preferring to go at once to the field. I was urged to reconsider, and at length did so, fearing that my refusal might be considered as significant of a lack of harmony. I was never satisfied with my position in the Cabinet. The trouble was that too many of our leaders sought such places when they were needed in the field. I secured our recognition as belligerents, established relations with the unseceded Southern States, and then insisted on retiring. By this time other States had joined us and I felt that the Cabinet should be reorganized. I suggested to Mr. Davis that he ask for the resignation of all the portfolios, that all the later States might be represented. He said he disliked to do so, and I then said I would do it for him. He acquiesced in this, and I informed the Cabinet of what I had thought of doing and what I thought they should do. It was a bombshell in the ranks. They asked me if Mr. Davis had sent me to them. I then told them exactly what had happened, but they declined to give up their places. I then resigned and went to the field."

"What, in your opinion, was the cause of the failure of the Confederacy?"

"If I had to name one thing that was most fatal I should say the Conscript act. That demoralized the troops and the country. There was no necessity for it, and it sprang from Mr. Davis's desire to have the appointment of officers. He was crazy over his West Point martinets, and when he could not appoint the officers of the volunteers, he went to Congress and demanded the Conscript law and got it. I said at the time, The cause is lost, and this should be its epitaph: 'Killed by West Point.' In general terms the absolute inefficiency at Richmond was the cause of our failure. Davis is a remarkable character. He is a good writer, and that is all. He was a slow man, and always acted rashly at last. His delay was not caused by deliberation, but was a combination of variety and a refusal to think. He is a very small military man. I told him that 90 per cent. of war was business—that we must organize victory rather than trust to fighting entirely. I urged him to send to England to buy all the arms there. He ordered 8,000 rifles. Joe Brown, of Georgia, had more arms for a long time than the Confederacy had. Under pretense of giving the Unionists time to leave the South, I kept our ports open for 60 days. No new Government ever started with such unlimited credit as we had. We had any amount of cotton offered us. I urged Mr. Davis to send this to England as fast as it could be carried, and buy ships and arms with it. We could have borrowed any amount we wanted. The first loan made was $50,000 when it should have been $5,000,000. But it seemed to be impossible to get the Government to look at the matter in a serious light. Had the first 60 days of the Confederate Government been properly improved we could have so organized that defeat would have been impossible. At one time it was announced that there was an error of $600,000,000 in the amount of bills out and the amount on the books of the Government. There was never a moment during the war when Davis actually appreciated the situation. Why, after the march of the Confederates from Rappahannock to Sharpsburg and back again, when they had swept everything before them, numbers not availing anything against them, Davis thought the war was over, and actually began to quarrel about who had whipped in it. He was as jealous as a Barbary hen, and once started to have me arrested for ridiculing him. I am thoroughly satisfied that the establishment of a Government under Mr. Davis was an impossibility. Indeed, the fight was hap-hazard from beginning to end, without method or Statesmanship, and sustained only by miraculous valor as long as it was. The Constitution was a good one, but there praise of the Confederate Government and its works must end."

THAT BARREL.

Advise How to Get It up Stairs Was Not Wanting.

Detroit Free Press.

Correspondence.

HOME LETTER.

After the Fourth—A Summer City—The Rose in the Slums—The Flower Mission.

Correspondence of Toledo BLADE.

CHERRYSIDE, NEAR NEW YORK, July 11.

A HOTTISH SUMMER.

The dreaded Fourth went off very quietly. Most of the noisy element happily prefers holidays to take itself off on excursions, and the sober citizens much enjoy their absence. At 6 o'clock in the afternoon, Broadway was quiet as any path in a country pasture, and a walk down its silent length was like wandering through some deserted city of tombs. When in town, I always fancy this holiday stroll down dead Broadway, with its shops closed as if they were never to open again, the street swept and set in order as it never is on busy days, not a vehicle to disturb the echos, and hardly a pedestrian in sight save a solitary wanderer who, like ourselves, was tempted by the quiet to stroll down and meet the sea breeze from the bay.

A REPORTER'S HOLIDAY.

The popular idea of spending the Fourth is a passage on one of the huge excursion boats crowded from hurricane to lower deck, with a sweltering mass of people, smart young men, buxom girls in gay muslins, that will and show perspiration sooner than any sort of dresses, German families, who would think it irreconcilable if any member of it were left at home, from grandmother to the six weeks' baby, roughs who have been burning powder since midnight, and are half crazy with want of sleep and supply of rum, and tortured with a desire to hurt somebody before the day is over. As if there were not enough elements of discomfort, a band with heavy drums, and crashing cymbals storms music of the maddest sort, all day, and couples dance wherever a square yard of room can be found between the walls of tweed and muslin and flesh which encircle them. There is little to eat, but lager flows unstinted, a beverage inspiring crossness worse than any other known, babies getting frantic, girls into headaches with sun and lager and ice-cream, muslins are reeking, beaux dis rasted and the rough set tries to see how nearly it can upset the boat by making crowds and rushes from side to side, frightening women, children and men, too.

A REFLECTION ON AMERICAN COURAGE.

There is nothing more inexplainable than the tameness with which a boat or train-load of able-bodied men will allow a dozen or 20 ruffians to insult women, threaten, swear, and raise any sort of disturbance without offering to put a stop to it. This happens a score of times every Summer on the roads about New York, and the freedmen and voters find it sufficient excuse for their pusillanimity that "they might get hurt if they interfered." Every mother ought to train her son to be able and not afraid to whip any rough not over twice his size when occasion offers, and keep this rude, vicious element under, where it belongs.

HOW WE CELEBRATED.

The glimpse of the excursion is taken from sights of the overladen boats as they float past the ferries, black to the guards with passengers, and all their brass clashing, and again from the same boats as they land their woe begone freight at evening—a mass of dishevelled, dusty, tired humanity, coarse girls holding the fag ends of flirtations to the last minute, women with their bonnets half off their heads, carrying crosses babies, with three smaller ones and a lunch basket in tow, jolly Germans whose mirth is plainly drawn from the beer barrel, and dumped youths, whose twelve-dollar suits have lost their newness, and are still unpaid for. The rest I am content to fill in from the reports of young friends who have gone the worse crowded excursions once in a while to stare at the crowd, and call it seeing life. Since the days of Sunday-school parties before my teens, I have never been on an excursion of any sort, from a church picnic to a Presidential junketing, and as far as satisfaction goes, hope to be left out to the end of my days. The pleasure in this fashion is too much like drinking from a horse trough. Most people of taste prefer their wine decanted. The Fourth only cost the City six murders, and 40 accidents of note, at the hands of the uproarious pleasure seekers.

NEW YORK AT ITS BEST.

One forgives the City Government much of its neglect, its crabbing police and patrol of pickpockets, in finding the streets in the uptown wards something like clean this season. The light summer dresses glide over pavements where a dust-train would hardly be out of place, the high houses shade the streets, the windows are full of flowers, hanging from tiled garden boxes, the cool clear wind comes fresh from the Bay, and women and children are out in bewitching costumes, wide open windows betray pleasant family scenes inside, the door-step groups after dinner are picturesque as boxes at the Opera, and the City begins to seem like the New York of old time which was the pleasantest City Government has to offer the country. When Gen. McClellan's magnificent plans for docks and terraces along the river fronts are completed, placing the City in a solid setting of granite, lordly and, above all things, clean, it will take its right as the Queen City of the Atlantic, and when its winds can blow across from the East to the North River, and most no dwellers in it will be unable to rusticate a residence as London in midsummer. The elevated roads are toning themselves down to be less of a nuisance, and will find a dangerous rival in the steam motors lately introduced on the street railroads—come pony engines, guised as easily as the two-horse teams, and which never get restive under the collar as they do.

A SWEET CHARITY.

Fourth avenue looks its pleasantest above Twentieth street, where an ivy-draped stone spire rises in the foreground, and the modern Gothic Design, with its Venetian chequering of black and white marble, the Association Buildings and the showy front of the headquarters of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals neighbor each other on the wide street. A few doors away near by twice a week shows a pleasant activity. Ladies in the morning, silk and gaiter-clad, girls in broad hats hurry up the stairs, express wagons drive up briskly, leaving hampers, baskets and boxes in generous loads. Children from the country come with hands full of bouquets, and the spot is as gay as with wedding favors. Up stairs in a large room lined with bookcases and settees, ladies are busy sorting and making up bouquets at long tables, strewn with flowers, brought by armful out of the boxes and hampers, from express. They come with the freshness and dew of the country on them, garden and hillside flowers, roses from a back and fields, honeysuckle, mignonette and daisies, fern and sweetbriar, tuberoses and carnations, loose and wet, from up-river homes, glad to share with the hived tenement people, to whom the fruit and the flowers that shine so temptingly now in shop windows and balconies are unattainable as seeons at Newport or rides in the Potsdam coach.

THIS IS THE FLOWER MISSION.

which grew, no one seems to know how, as such beautiful things do, from some kindly impulse of a flower-loving man or woman, spreading from heart to heart, till it blesses every Hospital and Ward in New York. Twice a week, Mondays and Thursdays, the rooms are open, and flowers sent from all the suburbs. Ladies relieve each other in relays, sorting and making up bouquets, boxes filled with boxes to distribute, each Hospital and District taking its turn as there are flowers to supply them. Every bunch has its rose, or sprig of mignonette, for the request is always for sweet-smelling flowers. This is the latest charity, and the discovery that perfumed flowers yield the purifying element which neutralizes malaria and restore the life-giving ozone. No surer aid to health could be found than to look the tenements in flower-pots on roofs, windows and pavements. The bunch of daisies and roses comes like a gift angelic into the wretched homes to which it goes. The flowers are valued for themselves, and as a sign of human interest in those given to feel as if they were trodden under foot and out of sight of men.

THE FLOWER HUNGER.

The gutter snipes know enough to wish for flowers. Carrying a shed of field lilies and daisies to the decorative society one day, I was saluted by three small ragamuffins from the tenement house behind the block, where they had no business to be, sunning themselves on brown stone steps in a good street. "Please Misses, give me a flower." They went off contented with a handful to divide, and left me regretting them a half an hour later, when I passed after my call was over. The little venders at their boards of fruit and cakes look up longingly at the fresh field flowers, the young clerks in the fashionable stores, and the women at their office desks cannot keep out of their faces the wistful expression, at sight of the fresh and chaste beauty which tell of breezy slopes and cool shady woods. Whether not know the pleasure, the relief to some hidden craving for a token from mother nature which comes with the gift of flowers. People look and long for them everywhere, not less in the narrow stingy village plots and laborers houses than in City wards.

THE WAY THE WORK SPREADS.

It is beautiful to see how quickly the enthusiasm grows and gathers in this mode of doing good. It is not denominational, not a Church affair, though like all organized plans for doing good, it sprang from the heads and hearts of those trained by religion to think for others as well as themselves. From town to town the flower charity spreads, and those who send largely are not satisfied with sending cut flowers, but are rooting slips so that every poor home in the City may have its fragrant plant in the window. The Secretary told of one man who saves all the tin cans he can get hold of, covers them with gay paper and fills them with rooted plants, for the mission, and on the hint, verbenas and mignonette are growing in country gardens for the same supply. Wherever there is a church there ought to be a flower mission, nay wherever there is a christian or human heart, with flowers to give, there should be one. Let him that has two flowers be ready to give to him who has none. Among the dull, unimpressible children supported by the City on Randall's Island, creatures who hardly seem like children, the brightness is so crushed out of them, one poor little dwarf cried over the first bouquet he received, sobbing, "Why, nobody has given me a single flower before this Summer." The surgeons of Bellevue Hospital gave most impressive testimony as to the stimulus which the flowers and the sympathy of which they are proof bring to sick and languid patients. They are always better the day after flowers have been sent. As George Wm. Curtis says in his report of the last anniversary, "The smile and eloquence of the expressions of gratitude from the surgeons were the highest tribute to the good work of the Mission." In the tenement houses, the wretched women crowd about the baskets to beg and almost fight for flowers, and the wasting children find them a glimpse of heaven. The roses and lilies go to the sick left alone in their pallets while their mothers are out earning their scanty bread; to women, lying alone in garrets, with a cup of water and bit of bread set in reach of their hands, without a soul to speak to or soothe their suffering throughout the weary day. Can you or I imagine the comfort flowers must be to these solitary rooms? And the visitors find the messages sometimes elasped to the heart of a dead child who has kept them in his grasp till he died. What redeems the selfishness and wickedness of a great city but the heavenly kindnesses of such charities which feed the soul as well as the body. SHIRLEY DARE.

LETTER FROM BUCKEYE.

The Late Extra Session and the General Caucus Policy of the Democratic Party.

Correspondence Toledo BLADE.

WASHINGTON, July 10, 1879.

The late special session of Congress must be regarded, all things considered, as the most remarkable political blunder on record. Mr. Thurman is largely responsible for it, and how he could have made his strike on an entirely false view of English history may well occasion surprise. His position would not bear discussion for a day, and he, of course, abandoned it. But Mr. Hurd clings to it still, and every two-penny lawyer in the House follows him. It was stated correctly by Mr. Hurd, when he claimed the right, under the right to originate money bills, to compel a redress of grievances.

The other day, when the attention of Mr Evarts was called to this point and he was asked what parallel there was between the cases cited from English history and the case made by the Democrats, he said, "none at all." Even so. The grievances which the English Commons fought against were not those of law but of arbitrary government. The King claimed to rule by divine right and made war and imposed burdens without any reference to the wishes of the people. He called for money and money was exacted without regard to justice or law. Before the Tory Parliament was called, Charles ruled for 10 years without any Parliament, and his ship money and other taxes were enforced through his star chamber courts by the most arbitrary and outrageous methods. But as he could not get, by those methods, all the money that his disastrous wars required, he was forced, at last, to call a Parliament. But as soon as that Parliament began to talk about the disorders of the State and the grievances of the people, he dissolved it and sent the members home. But his armies continued to be beaten, and, as he must have more money, he again resorted to a Parliament. It was under these and similar circumstances, that the Commons refused to grant the king the supplies that he required till he had made some show of doing justice to the people. Then, again, the question in England was a question of taxes; but with us it is not a question of taxes, but simply of appropriations. The taxes had been provided for by law, and the money was collected and in the treasury. The threat of the Democracy was that they would not allow this money, collected for specific purposes according to law, to be expended for those purposes but would withhold from the people their own money already levied and collected to carry on their own Government.

The Legislative bill, on which they hinged their first attempt at starvation, was a bill, not for the support of a royal family or a war which was made against their consent, but for the support of officers and institutions *created by law* under the provisions of a constitution *established by the people*, and the President was to execute *officer chosen by the people* to execute and enforce the laws *which the people, through their chosen representatives, had enacted*. The Democratic grievance was a *law*—a law enacted by the people to prevent cheatery at elections; and because they had not the power to repeal it they proposed to force its repeal by methods *essentially the same as those used by the highwayman*. That was the game which they tried, and which Mr. Hurd still justifies. But if they had not seen that their position was utterly untenable, they would not have crawled out of it so ignominiously. Mr. Evarts says in his amusing way:

"Was there ever anything more ridiculous? They began by saying to the President, Sign our political measures or we will withhold $40,000,000 of the appropriations for running the Government." "That does not frighten me," replied the President; "I shall go ahead and do my duty just the same." "Well, well, said the Democrats, 'if that's your intention we will keep back $20,000,000.' Finding the President still unmoved, they cried out, 'If you don't back down we will refuse you $10,000,000.' As this threat had no effect, they finally held back $600,000 and ran away. It was a remarkably well developed case of the small end of the horn."

Mr. Hurd gets out the Democratic dilemma in a very direct, not to say manly way, by sustaining it. He boldly claims that the method of the street pail is right and just, and that the House by reason of its power to originate money bills can walk up to the chosen Executive of the people and say to him, "sign this bill or we will blow out your official brains. We will withhold from you all power to fulfil your official duties." But there are other Democrats who have such a vivid sense of the absurdity of this position that they find it easier to repudiate it than to endorse it.

Mr. Stephens, you will remember, took the ground before the adjournment of Congress that the Democrats had no such right as Mr. Hurd affirmed, and he justified his support of the caucus measures on the ground that they were put on the appropriation bills because it was more convenient to pass them in that way.

Sen. Bayard denied that the House possessed any such right as Mr. Hurd claims, and refused his concurrence in caucus, and Sen. Hill, in speaking to his constituents at home, said that his party "never proposed to stop the supplies of the Government and it never did it."

The position of Senator Hill is as bold in assertion as that of Mr. Hurd is in absurdity, and if he is correctly reported the country will come to the conclusion that he is as easy in regard to his facts as Conkling's friend, Lamar. The public has not forgotten that before the session of the last Congress closed the Democrats called a caucus to decide what political legislation should be insisted on, that Mr. Blackburn presided, that an overwhelming majority was in favor of certain riders which were to be put on the legislative bill instead of the sundry civil bill because, if the latter bill failed, it would throw out of employment many laborers on public works, whereas the Legislative bill would chiefly affect public officers; and in proportion as they were inconvenienced they would be apt to influence the President to sign the bill; or, if it failed, it would compel the calling of an extra session when the Democrats would have both Houses and could do as they pleased. Mr. Thurman had not then felt the force of the subsequent discussion and is reported as saying that the power was in the hands of the House and they should withhold the necessary means of transacting the public business till their demand was complied with. Mr. Blackburn made a speech of similar import, while Mr. Bayard objected and said that such a course would look like revolution. But the result was a general agreement that the political riders should be put on the Legislative bill, and insisted on, and if the Republican Senate refused to pass it with its obnoxious amendment", the House should insist, and the bill fail, thus compelling the extra session. Then in a caucus of the Senate wing, held a little later, when Mr. Bayard said that he would not support the proposed measures if they were put on appropriation bills, Messrs. Beck, Thurman, Morgan, Voorhees and others are reported as maintaining that they were not in favor of granting supplies unless the grievances were redressed; and accordingly the bill was killed, and the extra session was called. The extra session was run from the beginning by the machinery of the caucus, and every body remembers the "last ditch" speech of Mr. Blackburn, and how it was followed up by action resulting in a direct collision with the President, whose vetoes came with such certainty and power as to compel a retreat from one bill to another till the starving process was let down to the marshals.

Mr. Hurd may have a pretty hard bargain in sustaining his absurdity against the common sense of mankind, but he has, at least, a plausible sophism on his side while the position of Mr. Hill requires a denial of facts known to every intelligent man; and when he says that the "Democrats *first proposed* to attach these items to the appropriation bills, as the quickest and most effective way of securing their repeal," he knows that he is saying what is contradicted by all the utterances of his party in caucus and all their open conduct through this long and senseless struggle, including an extra session of Congress of nearly four months, for effect on the country by these caucus machinations.

The course of the Democratic party throughout all this infamous hunt after political capital has been without any regard to decency, or constitutional law, or the good of the country. It has not hesitated to keep the whole country convulsed with the fear of an impending revolution; it has not shrunk from a revival of all the old issues of the war; it took its position in a party caucus, and its leading members did not hesitate to declare their purpose to rule or ruin; to hold on to the end, whatever might be the consequence, and Mr. Blackburn went so far as to declare that "he who dallies is a dastard and he who doubts is damned."

It may be true that their bite has not been as bad as their bark, and that they have not really meant all the scandalous things that they have threatened. It may be true that the country has not actually come to a revolution, and that the chief harm done is an inconvenience to a few marshals. But how does that improve the situation? If you accept Mr. Hill's assertion and concede that his party never intended anything bad and only put their riders on the appropriation bills because it was the most convenient way of passing them, then it remains to be explained why the country was made to suffer the calamities of an exciting session of Congress and kept in a state of constant alarm for nearly four months with threats of starvation and arguments which pointed directly to another rebellion, when its prosperity required rest and quiet. Looked at from any standpoint the conduct of the Democrats can only be regarded as a crime against society, and to be approved only where crime runs riot—in the Democratic slums of New York and in the solid South.

BUCKEYE.

Starving to Death.

Thousands of men and women are starving themselves to death. They dare not eat or drink this or that, fearing it will increase their flesh. Life depends upon continuous self-denial. The only safe and reliable remedy for this terrible condition is Allan's Anti-Fat. It is wholly vegetable and perfectly harmless. Its use insures a reduction of from two to five pounds per week. Sold by druggists.

BUFFALO, N. Y., June 13, 1878.

To the Proprietors of Allan's Anti-Fat:

GENTLEMEN—The following report is from the lady who used Allan's Anti-Fat: "It (the Anti-Fat) had the desired effect, reducing the fat from two to five pounds a week, until I had lost 25 pounds. I hope never to regain what I have lost." Yours respectfully, POWELL & PLIMPTON, Wholesale Druggists.

The Old Reliable.

The extension of musical education and musical culture in this country is something remarkable. Hardly a family of any pretension to intelligence, wealth or social standing, is without either organ or piano, and in the Sunday and public schools of the and music is to-day recognized as one of the most prominent and indispensable elements of moral and mental education. Much of this is due to the steadily increasing prosperity of the country, and the improvements which make a larger leisure possible to persons of ordinary means. But even more is due to a few pioneers in the musical education of the country—men and firms who have for years devoted their energies, their good judgment and ripe experience, to the dissemination of really *good* music of all kinds, among people of all classes. A striking instance occurs to us in the case of the well-known house of Oliver Ditson & Co., of Boston, Mass. For more than 40 years they have stood at the front of music-publishing firms of the country, and in all that time they have been equally prominent for the reliable character of all their dealings, as well as for the enterprise and acumen which not only kept fully abreast with the wants of the people, but which were out in advance of them to establish and regulate correct standards of musical taste. It is a pleasure not only to recognize the standing which such a house has in the business circles of the country, but also to refer our readers to them in all cases where they inquire for musical publications of a superior character. This we have done very frequently during the past few years, and shall expect to do so a great many times to come. They are extensive publishers of books of instruction and collections of standard music for both piano and organ, sacred collections for churches, choirs, conventions and singing schools, Sunday-school music for leading popular authors, classic and modern operas, sheet music, and, in a word, whatever pertains to the branch of business which they so well represent. The wide acquaintance of the house with all standard and current music publications issued here or abroad makes the firm of Oliver Ditson & Co. a very accurate and satisfactory source of reference, and we take the liberty of saying that they will be glad to supply all orders for other publications as well as their own. Lovers of music should send 10 cents to Messrs. Ditson & Co. for their descriptive catalogue of music books, which will be found a very valuable work for general reference, containing as it does descriptions of more than 1,800 books. All books and music are mailed postpaid on receipt of the retail price, by addressing Oliver Ditson & Co., Boston, Mass., or C. H. Ditson & Co., 843 Broadway, New York.

A New and Good Thing.

The Osborne Cornice Company, of Toledo, Ohio, are putting on the market what they term the "adjustable cornice." We have examined the article, have seen it put up over windows, and have no hesitation in pronouncing it a desirable invention, and one which is destined to come into general use. It is a highly ornamental cornice, made of any kind of wood, but in four sizes. The point to the invention is that it "telescopes" in such a way that it can be made to fit any width of window. No matter how narrow or how wide, the cornice can be contracted or extended to any width. It needs no more to be said to demonstrate its value. Cornices can be changed from one dwelling to another, or from one room to another, without cost or waste of time, and are made to suit all tastes and purses. There are styles suitable for the smallest cottage and the richest mansion, and no measuring or cutting is necessary. It comes all fitted with hooks and eyes, and can be put up in a moment, without trouble.

The Company want agents to introduce this cornice all over the country, to whom they offer certain and remunerative employment. To parties abroad who may wish to correspond with them, we indorse them as an honorable concern with an article that cannot but sell readily and rapidly. Address for full particulars, Osborne Cornice Co., Toledo, Ohio.

One of the Fortunate Ticket-holders of the Commonwealth Distribution Company—$10,000 for Only $2.00—Next Drawing July 31st.

WEST JERSEY HOTEL, CAMDEN, N. J., July 12, 1879.

I take pleasure in stating to the public that I was the holder of Ticket No. 3,760, which drew $10,000 in the ninth drawing of the Commonwealth Distribution Co., for which I paid $2, and the same was promptly paid on presentation at the office of the Company, Louisville, Ky., and I consider the Company very prompt, and worthy of patronage.

J. S. BENNETT.

Next drawing July 31st. Unprecedented scheme—$112,400 in prizes. Tickets $2. Address at once, T. J. Commerford, Secretary, Courier-Journal Building, Louisville, Ky., or same at 163 Broadway, New York.

Wicked for Clergymen.

"I believe it to be all wrong and even wicked for clergymen or other public men to be led into giving testimonials to quack doctors or other vile stuffs called medicines; but when a really meritorious article is made up of common valuable remedies known to all, and that all physicians use and trust in daily, we should freely commend it. I therefore cheerfully and heartily commend Hop Bitters for the good they have done me and my friends, firmly believing they have no equal for family use. I will not be without them."—REV. —, Washington, D. C.

THE YELLOW FIEND.

Cases of Yellow Fever in Memphis—Great Excitement Awakened—Rigorous Quarantine in Other Southern Cities.

GALVESTON, July 11.—The Board of Health last evening declared quarantine against Memphis. Freight from that city will not be allowed to enter the city. Passengers will be admitted only after the expiration of 20 days from the date of their departure. They also passed a resolution that after to day, all vessels coming from healthy parts outside of the tropics must be forbidden to touch at Key West.

NASHVILLE, Tenn., July 11.—Pres. Plunket, of the State Board of Health, sent the following dispatch to all local health authorities in the State to day: Every protection that is possible will be given to the Cities, Towns and Villages of Tennessee by the State Board of Health, should the yellow fever become epidemic at Memphis. To act efficiently full concert of action is absolutely necessary. In response to a telegram from Pres. Plunket asking Dr. Mitchell whether he should put into immediate operation the regulations of the Sanitary Council of Mississippi Valley for boats and railways and asking whether the situation warrants vigorous measures, Dr. Mitchell says, "don't think it necessary now. A few days will determine; it is well enough to be ready. "At a meeting of the State Board of Health to day, it was determined to put into immediate force the rules and regulations above mentioned, which are recommended by the National Board of Health for adoption by all State and local health authorities during the existence of the yellow fever. In accordance with this determination, Sec. Clark was ordered to Memphis, and left to-night, to confer with John Johnson, resident member of the State Board at that point, and Dr. Mitchell, member of the National Board of Health, with reference to the proposed inspection of trains and transference of all parties from Memphis at some designated point to other trains not less than 10 miles out of Memphis.

MEMPHIS, Tenn., July 11.—The hegira from the city is unabated. Twenty-one passenger coaches left last night on the Memphis & Charleston road, while the Louisville line could not furnish accommodations for passengers. A special freight train followed the passenger train out, loaded to its full capacity with baggage alone.

The sick of to day are reported to have been light cases, and are all doing well. The medical fraternity, excepting a few of the sensational breed, adhere tenaciously to their opinions that there will occur here but a few sporadic cases this season, and denounce the sensational manner in which the first case was reported.

Thirteen street car drivers deserted their posts to-day, and but few cars are running.

The Howards say they do not think it necessary to call a meeting of their members. Pres. Langstaff, of the Howards, had occasion to day to silence the sensational battery of a young stranger, reported to be a solicitor for a Cincinnati house, whom he detected in circulating false rumors about the spread of the fever.

The intensely hot weather of to-day and no new cases, establishes confidence that the yellow fever will not become epidemic.

No new cases or deaths to report. Many who intended leaving the City have concluded to stay and await future developments. So far as can be ascertained, the following Cities and Towns have quarantined against Memphis: New Orleans, Vicksburg, Little Rock, Pine Bluff, Norfolk, Oxford and Holly Springs. At a mass meeting of citizens of Brownsville, Tenn., held to day it was unanimously resolved not to interfere with the running of trains of the Louisville and Nashville Railway. In response to numerous telegrams received as to the condition of affairs in Memphis, Dr. R. W. Mitchell, member of the National Board of Health, has sent the following: "There have been but four cases in two families, neither of whom reside within one mile of any Railroad depot or River landing. All precautions have been taken to prevent its spreading. There is no danger from passengers or baggage on trains or boats leaving Memphis now. When there is danger I will promptly inform the public."

MEMPHIS, July 12.—The State Board of Health this morning established inspectors of trains and passengers. Hereafter all persons and trains leaving Memphis will be required to have certificates from the Inspecting officer, and all trains arriving and discharging will transfer passengers and baggage at a point five miles distant from the City.

MEMPHIS, July 14.—No new cases have been reported. Mrs. Tobin, residing on Bradford street, died this morning at 6 o'clock and was buried at 8. This leaves but one person in the entire city, Judge Ray's son, who is sick with fever, and he is reported as dying. Local stations along the Memphis & Little Rock Railroad, have notified the Memphis authorities that if no new cases develope by to-morrow quarantine would be raised between Memphis and Lonoke, Arkansas, which is 27 miles this side of Little Rock. The weather continues very warm.

The following was telegraphed to-day to every station along the lines of the four Railroads leading from the City:

"No new cases since the morning of the 10th inst. The fever is confined to the six sporadic cases. Memphians are returning. Persons from adjacent towns are coming in. There were twice the usual number of passengers by the Brownsville accommodation train this morning.

"[Signed.] S. H. COLLINS, "Secretary Board of Health. "A. D. LANGSTAFF, "President Howard Association."

WASHINGTON, July 11.—Up to 3 P. M. to-day, but one death from yellow fever had been reported to the National Board of Health, that one being at Water Valley, Miss.

At a meeting of the Executive Committee of the National Board of Health to-day, the following was agreed upon: The following memoranda are transmitted for the purpose of securing, when necessary, a speedy execution of the provision in the law of Congress of June 21, 1879, requiring the National Board of Health to "co-operate with, and, so far as it lawfully may, aid State and Municipal Boards of Health in the execution and enforcement of the rules and regulations of such Boards to prevent the introduction of contagious and infectious diseases into the United States from foreign countries and from one State to another."

First—All communications to this Board pertinent to matter included within the above provision, should be made by State or Municipal Boards of Health, and not otherwise.

Second—Such communications should present the subject matter sufficiently in detail to enable this Board to exercise its discretion as to the expediency of co operating or aiding therein, specifying, among other things, the duties of any officers, the appointment or payment of whom is requested.

Third—Official information should be given therein of the adoption by such State or Municipal Board of any rules and regulations that have been recommended in such case by this Board, and of any other State or Municipal rules and regulations that appear to be necessary for the purpose in question.

LITTLE ROCK, July 11.—The yellow fever news from Memphis creates profound excitement. Little Rock is in an excellent sanitary condition. Nevertheless, the Board of Health met and resolved that no train on the Memphis & Little Rock Railroad shall be permitted to enter the quarantine limits, five miles east of the City, after 12 o'clock to-day. Health Officers were ordered to be placed on the Iron Mountain Road. Dr. Colburn was appointed to meet the incoming Memphis trains. Mayor Fletcher was notified to appoint a sufficient number of Sanitary Police, to be placed under Sanitary Officer Pat Morrison. Numerous anxious telegraphic inquiries, by neighboring Cities of the State, are made to the Board of Health, asking and promising full co-operation with Little Rock officers.

A CIRCULAR FROM THE NATIONAL BOARD OF HEALTH.

The Executive Committee of the National Board of Health invites the attention of all State, municipal authorities and sanitary organizations to the fact that they should without delay endeavor to secure the best sanitary condition of the places and people under their charge, whatever opinions may be held as to the cause of yellow fever and the recent appearance of that disease in Tennessee and Mississippi. It is but to act as if it was a disease due to a specific particular cause which is capable of growth and reproduction, transportable, and may be destroyed by an exposure to a temperature above 240 deg. Fahr., or by chemical disinfectants of sufficient strength, if brought into immediate control. It is also prudent to assume that the growth and reproduction of this cause are connected with the presence of filth, in a sanitary sense of that word, including decaying organic matter and defective ventilation, as well as of high temperature. The cases of yellow fever recently observed should be considered as due to causes surviving from last year's epidemic, and not to recent importation from other countries. It follows that there is a liability to the appearance of other cases in places visited by the epidemic of last year, and that there is danger of the spread of the disease to the North and East. The object of the present circular is to advise that all Cities, Towns and Villages be at once made clean in a sanitary point of view. The first step towards cleanliness is to obtain reliable information as to what parts of the place are clean and what is foul. The results of careful sanitary inspection in almost any City or Town will show the existence of collections of deaaying and offensive matter previously unknown, and which every one will admit should be promptly removed and destroyed. Such inspection, to be of value, must be thorough, and made by persons competent to recognize foul soils, water and air, as well as grosser and more palpable forms of nuisances. They should also be made by persons who would repeatedly and frankly report the result of their observations, without reference to the wishes of persons or corporations. When the whereabouts and extent of the evil is known, the remedy is usually self-evident. The National Board of Health will furnish, on request, blank forms as a guide for such inspectors.

Powers of the National Board of Health.

WASHINGTON, July 14.—In view of the misconceptions which seem to prevail in many parts of the Southern States with regard to the power and duties of the National Board of Health, Dr. Billings, the Vice President of that organization, has addressed the following letter to the Sanitary Council of the Mississippi Valley:

"DEAR SIR:—I presume the telegrams and printed documents we have sent to you will make matters plain to you; but there seems so much misconception as to the powers and duty of the National Board of Health as shown by the comments in the daily press that we should have a clear understanding on one or two points. It seems to me to be very clear that the duty of the State and local authorities is to take the initial in adopting rules and regulations for preventing the spreading of contagious diseases. The National Board of Health has made certain recommendations for such rules as it has printed and placed in your hands. The recommendations should be taken as indicating the minimum amount of precaution to be taken. A State or local authority may make more stringent rules than these, and if they are too stringent, even to absolute non-intercourse, this board has no power to interfere. It is only when a State or local authority refuses to take even the precaution considered indispensable by this board that we can take action legally in the matter. In the next place I would observe that this board is not expected to do all the work of prevention, nor to pay for the doing of such work. The State and local boards should first do what they can, and then we can come in to supplement their efforts to aid and co-operate in the terms of the law. It is therefore the duty of the State and local authorities to keep the National board fully informed on the following points, viz: first, as to what rules and regulations they have adopted; second, as to how far they can carry out the rules and regulations; third, as to what they think is necessary that the National Board shall furnish in order that the proper rules and regulations may be enforced with regard to this request for aid. Details should be given. This Board cannot place money in the hands of a local Board to be expended at the discretion of the latter. It must be known what the money is to be used for; whether for the hire of inspectors or police, for the purchase of disinfectants, for the erection of sheds, for the purpose of establishing a local quarantine, etc. Please make these points clear to the members of your Council, and let us have no unnecessary delay in the taking of action by health authorities represented in that Council. I need hardly say to you that it is the desire of this Board to do everything in its power to prevent the spread of yellow fever by aiding State and municipal Boards of Health in their efforts to discover the first cases, to isolate them, and thus stamp out the disease, as well as to carry out the usual symptoms of quarantine, and I am glad to be able to assure you the Secretary of the Treasury is in accord with these views and has promptly approved a special estimate made by this Board for funds to help the health authorities of Memphis and of the State of Tennessee to prevent the spread of the fever to adjoining States. But the power of this board is very small as compared with that possessed by local authorities. One more observation and I am done. Don't let quarantine occupy the attention of your council to the exclusion of municipal cleanliness, which last is the great object to be secured. Keep us fully informed as to your operations, and be sure your recommendations will receive prompt attention. Very truly, yours,

"JOHN S. BILLINGS, Vice Presd't Nat. Board of Health.

Where They Are Wanted.

Bloomington Telephone.

Will Voorhees please send just a few of those million and a half of men that are starving to death, to Monroe County? Farmers every where are hunting help.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, had given him, by an East India missionary, the formula of a simple vegetable remedy, for the speedy and permanent cure of consumption, bronchitis, catarrh, asthma, throat and lung affections; also a positive cure for nervous debility and all nervous complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, he felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive I will mail, free to all who desire, this recipe in German or English, with directions for use. Address with stamp, naming this paper, M. C. ROSE, 154 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

A New Form of Investment.

The influx of wealth into this country after the past seven years of dullness is beginning to increase the speculative feeling in all channels of trade. Already the business centers are lively with the praises of mining, manufacturing, railroad, real estate and other speculations, but, strange to say, so great is the well deserved confidence in the strict integrity characterizing every action of the managers of the celebrated Louisiana Lottery, that its tickets for the monthly grand drawings, which cost two dollars each, are a favorite purchase of the leading bankers and brokers in all the large cities. M. A. Dauphin, P. O. Box 692, New Orleans, La., or at No. 319 Broadway, New York City, will give all desired information.

—THE illustrated advertisement of the **Aultman & Taylor Company**, which has attracted so much attention in this country and Europe will appear in the BLADE April 10th and 24th, May 8th and 23d, June 5th and 19th, July 3d and 10th. We ask our farmer and threshermen friends to examine it.

SEC. SHERMAN.

He Makes a Short Speech at Philadelphia on the Success of Resumption.

PHILADELPHIA, July 14.—Sec. Sherman, accompanied by a Committee of the Maritime Exchange, the Mayor, Speaker Randall and other Congressmen and well known citizens, went aboard the revenue cutter "Hamilton" to-day and started on an inspection of the Delaware River and harbor. After the party, which numbered about 60, had partaken of refreshments, William Brokie, President of the Maritime Exchange, called a meeting and introduced Sec. Sherman, who said:

"Gentlemen, I did not expect when I received your kind invitation that I would be called upon to make a speech, and I do not undeastand that my friends here desire me to make a speech, but I will commence by returning thanks for the pleasure that I have enjoyed in inspecting the shores of the Delaware and witnessing the immense progress and growth of the commerce of this great City of Philadelphia.

"It presents a combination of trade and commerce that I know of in no other city in this country, but as those points are quite familiar to you, I will not enlarge upon them. In regard to the resumption experiment, my friends have paid me compliments that are entirely exaggerated. I do not desire any such compliments. A year or two ago I thought I was a great deal too much abused by a great many. Now I am praised for a great many things I do not deserve, so I hold a pretty fair balance. I had an idea when I assumed office, and I now hold that it would be a good thing to get back to resumption of specie payments. They say I am pretty stubborn about the principles I hold to, and that I will carry out what I begin. I never had any doubt about the ability to resume—none at all. A great many good men—some of these no doubt who hear me—thought it was not a wise undertaking to attempt to make the vast volume of our paper money equal to gold; that we did not coin enough to do it. I was the Judge I had the lay on my side, the power to bring it about, and the determination to do it. The result has been happy and beneficial to all classes of interests and all industries, and to the rich and poor, those who labor as well as those who spene money. All are benefited by a currency such as we have to-day.

"Now, gentlemen, I think I have said all I need. I am very hopeful of the future progress of our country. We are happily situated compared with other countries. We have a broad, uncultivated area of land, that has never been broken by the plow. We have mines, compared with the enormous value of which the vaunted mines of Peru were poor and scant. The Comstock lode, and others, are greater than anything in the history of the world. Two years ago labor was suffering in the principal cities of this country. Men were afraid our institutions could not stand the strain and would break down, and that a period of depresrion greater than that in England, France or Germany had come. People were suffering and could not get work, and discontent reigned supreme. Some went to uncultivated lands in the West, others went away, and migration finally equalized the demand and supply of labor, till now, in two years, I believe there is not any part of the United States where honest labor cannot get an honest day's work, and honest money to pay for it.

"There are those who held that our currency never could be maintained equal to coin with a demand on us of $80,000,000 to $90,000,000 a year. I can say to you now that we have means. So rarely do they care about gold and silver for money that only $7,000,000 have been drawn for notes and greenbacks. This is the strangest thing about it. Now that gold is so easy to get nobody cares to take the trouble of carrying it. It is a fact that in every month of last year and the year before and the year before that, there was more gold paid from the Treasury than has now been demanded from January 1, of this year to the present time, for all purposes; and our notes, instead of being at 10 or 15 per cent. below par, now that we have gold and silver to pay them on demand, are actually at a premium. The Treasury Department in San Francisco wanted notes instead of gold, and we refused to give them greenbacks. In New York and Philadelphia no one wants gold. When they could not get it everybody wanted it. When they can, nobody does. Resumption is now a fixed fact, but we have got to stand by and not let demagogues and tricksters cheat us out of what we have accomplished."

Complexion of the Army During the War.

A statement has been issued by the War Department giving the number of men furnished the Army by each State and Territory and the District of Columbia from April 15, 1861, to the close of the War of the Rebellion. It shows that the total number of volunteers was 2,678,967, distributed as follows:

Maine	72,114	Tennessee	31,092
New Hampshire	36,929	Arkansas	8,289
Vermont	33,392	North Carolina	3,156
Massachusetts	152,048	California	15,725
Rhode Island	23,269	Nevada	1,080
Connecticut	57,379	Oregon	1,810
New York	467,047	Washington Ter	
New Jersey	81,009	itory	964
Pennsylvania	366,107	Nebraska Terri-	
Delaware	13,670	tory	3,157
Maryland	50,316	Colorado Territo-	
West Virginia	32,030	ry	4,903
Dist. of Columbia	16,872	Dakota Territory	206
Ohio	319,659	New Mexico Ter-	
Indiana	196,147	ritory	6,561
Illinois	256,016

The Household.

CORRESPONDENTS writing for this Department will please observe the following rules:

1. Write Household Department on the envelope.

2. Give real name and Post Office address—not for publication, unless you wish—but for reference in case it is necessary to address you by mail.

3. Write only on one side of the paper; write plainly as possible, and do not interline.

4. Be as brief as the nature of the subject will allow.

Kettles, Kinks and Craniums.

I have been reading the BLADE for some time and never felt particularly interested in the Household Department until "Jessamine's" letter roused me. I, too, think that the Household should contain something more worthy of notice than the stomach, although it is a very important organ, it is clamorous enough necessary especial cultivation; neither do I without especial cultivation; neither do I think woman's highest sphere lies in making rugs or embroidering "little woolly dogs on canvas."

I am afraid it will be a good while before Queen Dido's anticipations are realized, at least not until more women have ideas outside of their domestic cares. I do not say above their home duties—nothing can be above a wife's or mother's mission; but is a woman's duty complete when her children are fed and clothed? Is it not a part of motherhood to keep her place as instructor to her children, even after they cease to be children? Why is it that women are usually so deficient in general information? When a woman marries, her education stops as a rule, that is her knowledge of books and things outside of her domestic life. Why is this so? Why is it that women's lives are so narrow? Why is it that men talk and tell nothings to them and then turn to their brother man to be instructed and advised?

The great excuse that women with families have is want of time, and then they turn to their eternal scrubbing and scouring. I do not believe that women were born to have a scrubbing brush eternally in one hand and a broom in the other, any more than her brothers were. I do not believe that woman's mind was given her to waste in polishing pots and pans, of course their pots and pans must have their time, but if either the mind or the pans must be neglected, let it be pans. I know hundreds of women who would think it almost a crime to let the least dimness mar the brightness of their culinary implements while their minds from long neglect grow rustier and dimmer every day. I read somewhere, a long time ago, that "a martyr is a good thing to have in a family, but a mother is better." There are plenty of martyrs nowadays, toiling, self-denying and unselfish women, but how many good mothers, capable of giving her children tech physical and mental food; of taking her children by the hand and leading them to the fountain of knowledge not merely pointing but leading the way. Is not the respect of her husband and children of more moment than the latest fashions? The question comes up right here, can a mother be really respected that is left away behind in the pursuit of wisdom?

I believe that every woman, no matter what her cares may be, no matter how many little irresistibles she may have to wash and dress, to scrub and scour after, I believe that every woman may save a few hours now and then to improve herself, to furbish up her mind, which like all bright articles, becomes dim from disuse. There are beautiful gems of thought within her reach, if she would but see them; there are glorious ideas uttered in these stirring times, if she would but hear them.

The time has come when women must rouse themselves from out the maelstrom of frills and furbelows; she must adorn her brow with intelligence instead of frizzes, a few tucks less in baby's dress, a few ruffles less upon her own, and the time is won to glean ideas and to treasure them up to think upon while performing that ceaseless routine that every housekeeper knows too well. Married women as a rule are the most ignorant of women. Why it is I can not tell, unless it is because they follow out the Bible injunction too literally, and ask their husbands at home, instead of going about it like rational beings and finding out for themselves; and then sometimes even their liege lords are ignorant, and of course their wives must needs be too. This is but my own solving of the question, however. I know the general belief that it is because of their all absorbing home life, but I have shown how any woman may glean her own ideas and ask no man's opinion.

I know that most men admire weak, dependent women for their very weakness, but there are some men with brains enough to admire women for their strength of character, strong, helpful women who, being capable of standing alone, make efficient helpmates, wives and mothers. But then we are not considering the question as to man's likes and dislikes, but rather, what really is and what ought to be.

I am firm in the belief that woman can go to the polls and vote without losing her refinement or womanhood, but I am afraid that the time is not yet, not because of man's opposition, but because of woman's willingness to be kept back with the answer that they were made to be men's guardian angels. But then they must be angels without brains.

Astoria, Ills. OLIVE.

A Colorado Letter.

As I have many letters asking about the country, its climate, soil, health, etc., and thinking there were others who would be interested with a description of Colorado, I will try and give as impartial a one as I can. I don't understand what is written back East to cause the influx of men with teams and men, most of them without a cent of money, going from house to house begging something to eat. We have lived here but three weeks, and I have already fed several. As I write I can see a dozen or more teams passing, on their way to Leadville, the great mining camp of Colorado. Their hopes are high with expectations of wealth easily acquired, but half of them will not get away without sacrificing all they have to keep soul and body together. How I pity them! Do hurry and publish something to stop them.

I saw an article written at Colorado Springs giving a description of the country, which painted it a perfect Paradise. Now, of course, the mountains are grand and the scenery enchanting, but the description given by those living here has caused a perfect rush, but when Winter comes and a great many hardly have anything to subsist on but cactus and mountain scenery, the beauty of the loftiest hight will dwindle to the lowest ebb. True, there are a great many ways here for making money, but when the work has to be divided between so many, there is no profit for any one.

Persons coming here for their health are wise to leave all and come. Colorado is beneficial to all diseases, but rheumatism and catarrh in the head, not the severe kind some have, but a continual dryness of the nose and filling of the throat. That terrible disease, asthma, is greatly benefited, and a cure effected in most cases. Report says that consumptives who have contracted their disease by being overheated, the cool, pure air of the mountains will cure. I know of several who still live here that are now in perfect health.

The Winters here are mild, but a great amount of snow falls in the Spring. The green grass is to be seen the year round. Now, don't all of you take the Colorado fever, for if there is grass there is a cow to every blade.

The Spring flowers were in bloom before the first of March, not very pretty ones. You need not come away out here to get some, for the most of the land out here is gone—that is, in Mace's Hole, but out on what we call the eastern slope there is plenty of land, but not much water. Good grass grows there in abundance, and is not much disturbed since the cattle men have run the cattle off to escape the heavy taxes; this County is under heavy bonds, and taxed for every foot of ground that is fenced. the house you live in everything in the way of quadrupeds, bipeds, etc., but chickens, and they are really profitable, eggs seldom selling for less than 20 cents per dozen, even in Summer, and in Winter going up as high as 50 cents; but I am afraid to tell this, for fear it will induce all of you to gather a hen and a box of that egg producing material and run.

I would like some of the readers of the BLADE who live in Nebraska or Kansas, where grass grows so luxuriantly and vegetables seem to spring from the ground by magic, to just travel up the Fountain as we did, and, at the least stir of the wind, have their eyes and mouth filled with dobie dust. Dobie land is what the settlers call all lands back from the river, and there are not, I am quite sure, two spears of grass on it nearer than two feet apart. With water on it, this land produces excellently. Dobie land is not all over the country. Some has a good growth of the best cattle grass, known as the bunch grass.

Notwithstanding the hard winter, the cattle are coming out remarkably well. One dare not feed stock at all here, if they are not given sufficient to keep them, as that makes them depend on being fed instead of grazing. Strange cattle should be brought here in the Spring so as to enable them to get somewhat acclimated before winter sets in.

Beef roasts sell at 18 cents per pound, butter is seldom less than 30. Any one fixed to stall feed stock would reap a goodly return. Hay is over a cent a pound here; at Leadville it is over $100 a ton, (seven cents a pound and likely more than that.) Everything here sells by the pound but eggs. So when you bring your chicken you need not stop to look whether its large or small, as the smallest will be the easiest carried, and be just as much profit when you get here. At Leadville chickens will lay but one dozen; at Rasita and Silver Cliff they can be raised to advantage.

Well I could tell you all so much more, but I am so tired, not particularly tired writing but just tired out with work that I must stop. I have got a lot of letters that I must answer soon, as I told you I have moved to Pueblo, to get near to schools; but myself and the children want to get back to the mountains.

Don't any more send me anything until I send first as I cannot send specimens as they are heavy unless I get books in exchange, unless the one getting would pay the postage.

Several have asked me in their letters what Muldoon is. It was a stone man claimed to have been dug up about 15 miles from Pueblo. I never saw it, but I saw folks who did. I saw a stereoscopic view of him, he had a tail about three or four inches long, was of a grey color, and looked as if he might have lived when giants were in fashion. Many say it was a grand swindle. Barnum has him, he paid $20,000 for him, he was filled with crystals the same as the turtles are. Whether he was a fraud or not, I don't pretend to say, but I know he was found here, there were several fish and turtles found and taken into Mace's Hole last Summer, but the settlers always break them to see what it is in them that rattles and find nothing but crystals.

MRS. A.J. BATTORFF.

Pueblo, Colo.

Whispering.

As one of the teachers of the Household wishes a good rule to prevent whispering, I will give one which I have tried and found a success. But my dear friend this is for the country schools only; where we have all ages, from six to 21, and corresponding classes, all to be attended to by the one teacher. As 12 years of my life have been devoted to this mode of teaching, I think I have had some experience. When I have accepted an invitation to teach, I endeavor at once to become acquainted with those who are to be my pupils; large and small, rich and poor. Do not leave it to chance, but set about it at once, and if there is one who is said to be rather obstreperous (yes, obstreperous, no other word is as applicable.) I make that one my study, and when commencement day arrives I have become pretty thoroughly acquainted with my scholars, their likes and dislikes, and am enabled to glide smoothly and firmly over all difficult places.

After I have called my school to order and taken the names and ages (by the way I have a plan for registering which I find very useful in doing away with the confusion which usually attends this portion of the exercises) I say "place your books and give attention. Do you see this picture? Well, I have one for each boy and girl who attends school every day during this term and does not get more than five imperfect marks. If you whisper during the day you will get an imperfect mark, and when you have five your prize is gone, unless you will go 10 consecutive days without whispering to redeem it.

I will give no prizes except for good behavior and attendance. This I consider within the reach of all."

This always works like a charm with the little ones, as it gives them something to work for. I govern the larger scholars by cultivating their self-respect, which is the surest way to success with them. I teach them that without their co-operation the school cannot be a success. In this way I cause them to realize that a portion of the responsibility rests with them.

But the teacher must have patience almost equal to that of Job, or she will fail, although she should possess all other virtues in abundance.

Let us hear from other teachers. Give us your modes of teaching, and since the Editress of the "Household" so kindly invites us to enter, let us try to benefit each other by exchanging ideas, and in this way promote the cause of education.

Peninville, Ind. ANN.

A Cheap Cleansing Fluid.

Cappie, your letter touches a sympathetic cord. If some one had given me the same advice I am going to give you, I should now have been a farmer in my own right and title, instead of an appendage to the real estate of some one else. Presiding at the teachers' desk from the age of 15 until health and strength failed, I would gladly have won them back in the free air and sunshine of farm life, and the "chaff" of friends would not have prevented, if I could only have seen the way. With my delicate health the experiment was too likely to prove a failure for me to risk it single handed. Then there was a lover waiting, so I became junior partner in the small farm; but a farmer by birth and education, I realize literally, sometimes that the first place is mine by right. When I see the work neglected, or done in an indifferent manner, crops not put in at the right time or in the right place I know I could have done better if I am a woman. So I say to you, "Whatever you do, do it with your might." Don't put your hand to the plow unless your heart goes with it. Don't expect a life of ease or pleasure, if you bring perseverance and good judgment to your work, you will win health and content. That is *quantum sufficit*. What avenues of escape from the old time bondage these last few years are opening up to us! How long since a girl farmer was an unheard of calamity, and a startling phenomenon! Even five years ago, where was the "Household" of the BLADE, or the "Home" of the *Inter-Ocean*, or anything to equal them, for the exchange of ideas or the opportunity of speaking our little piece in public.

Now, lest the kernel be found wanting in this, I would tell the ladies that long-wristed mitts, knit of colored tidy cotton, are much nicer than old gloves for out door work; and to renovate soiled vests, hats, etc. dissolve the contents of an ox gall in a pail of water, add two heaping tablespoonfuls of soda. Spread the garment on a clean board, sponge thoroughly, rubbing grease spots until they disappear. Then wash and sponge and rinse in clean water; hang in the wind to dry; press while damp. If the garments are faded, dissolve extract of logwood with a bit of blue vitriol, making it much stronger than for dyeing; sponge with this before pressing.

Now will some one tell me where I can obtain plaster images, something pretty enough to bronze? Also where I can get painters' transfers, or decalcomania pictures? What shall I do with an elegant lamp bottom that has unfortunately lost its upper story? THEKLA.

Fulton, Iowa.

Boys, Help Milk the Cows.

I think that "A girl worth having" is truly worth having. But at the same time I think she has too much work to do for a girl of such immature years. I hope what I write will not make her discontented. She says, "there are eight of us and I am the only girl." Now it must follow, if she includes the parents, that there are five boys, if not seven. Why not have one or two of these boys drive the cows from the pasture, three fourths of a mile distant, and bring them near the house.

Then let them do the milking when they are there—or, at least, help their sister to do it. I know of a wealthy and highly respectable family, composed of the parents and one son. The father and son—besides working a large farm do all the milking and most of the churning, and they do it willingly. These brothers should be taught to help their sister in many other ways.

Too much work should not devolve on a girl so young, lest it be found too soon that "though the spirit be willing the flesh is weak."

I quite agree with Lou Dean on the "kissing question." Although I am still in my "teens," I detest the odious habit of promiscuous kissing practised by some people. A modest, chaste girl will not kiss any one, or permit any one to kiss her (a gentleman is meant, of course), but near relatives or her betrothed. Some may think this carrying the dividing line too far, but a girl needs to be prudent. Girls, don't seek a husband, but wait till some worthy person seeks you. If no one seeks you, have the courage to be an old maid. "Like Shirley Dare, I see nothing to dread in old maidism.

Using kerosene to banish dandruf is not good for some people. In some cases it causes distressing headaches.

If "Vic." will put a piece of borax the size of a nutmeg into a pint of soft water she will find it a good wash for the face, teeth and hands. FLORA.

Still Another Rug.

If any one ever wrote my sentiments exactly, it is "Fair Play," in the BLADE of June 5th.

The less we have to do, the less we do. Sometimes when pressed with work I look at the good newspapers with a sigh, thinking I'll have no time to read them, but I pl n and contrive and read some every week and study my Sunday School lesson, while at other times I have less to do, and let the work drag along and have no more leisure.

Eva Remmington's inquiry concerning the dress of brides is all very well, but after the lady has spent long hours and sleepless nights, has stinted herself of judicious good clothing, that her train may be as long, her veil as voluminous, her gloves six-button white kid, and the outside rig as expensive as "anybody's," in all probability it will never be donned again! Where we see one newly married couple keep their place in Church, in Sunday School and in society, there are dozens who entirely drop out. Why is this?

Our society almost every place is composed of the unmarried. Instead of the question "What was the bride dressed in?" it is, "have you seen the newly married couple?" and invariably a negative answer. I see no use of this and think there should be a change.

This week (the first for many) there was no direction for making a rug, so I send this one, and consider it superior to any yet: Take common cotton yarn and two coarse knitting needles; put 31 stitches on a needle; cut rags a common width and about three inches long; take off the first stitch and lay a rag between it and the next stitch; knit that stitch and turn the end of the rag from you. Thus the rag laps a stitch every time and makes the length about one and a half inches. Each alternate row is knit plain. It takes three of these strips sewed together to make a rug. When done it resembles one made on coffee sack with ends pulled through. Hope these directions are plain.

Oakland City, Ind. HALDIE G. RAY.

uys it for Him.

My husband has used tobacco a good many years, in fact ever since he was 10 years old, and he is now middle aged, he says that he can not very well go along without it. He is welcome to it just as long as it can be got and will do him any good as he imagines it does. I have taken eggs and butter that I had been saving for pin money for myself, and sold them for tobacco for him. I have done this more than once and if he was out of change and out of tobacco I would do it again. Now I am not a friend to tobacco by any means, but my husband was one of those warmed-over men as some see fit to call a widower, and he had this bad habit when I married him and I knew it, consequently it is not for me to hound the life out of him because he uses tobacco, as I know some women do.

Naomie says it softens the brain and prepares the way for strong drink. Now she believes that and I don't, for all that my husband has used tobacco so long his brain is not so soft that he would abuse a woman because she happened to be a widow nor because she did not condema a man for using tobacco. Here is my hand widow No. 2 and Widower the same to you. DINAH.

Wouldn't Kill Flies.

We were shocked when we read "Hints on bird mounting," and our disgust knew no bounds when we saw the signature of "Aunt Sue." Really, we naturally expected something higher and more noble from a venerable and sage "aunt."

Dear Aunt, did it ever occur to you when you had dispatched some boy on the mission of snaring birds, that you were doing what was not consistent with the generous and refined nature of a lady? Just to think, taking the life of an innocent bird for the purpose of making an ornament that all sensitive people must behold with displeasure. To procure the necessary subject for such work, we not only violate the sacred laws of nature, by maliciously depriving the animal of life, (taking what you cannot give,) that was created by the same glorious Being that gave you life, but we also teach the boy that does the deed, the first step in villiany; instead of restraining, encourage the depravity of human nature. How many ladies can look at their head dress with pleasure knowing that a life paid the penalty for the decorations they wears.

DOM PEDRO.

Prevention Better than Cure.

I don't think it ladylike to allow this, that or the other one to kiss you good-night. I will tell how to avoid this: never allow this, that or the other to accompany you.

I think if I had a husband I should not be forever nudging him about his faults. If I married him, knowing his habits, I would marry his faults also, and have nothing to say about it.

WILD FERN.

Barber's Mills, Ind.

A Colored View of It.

I must say my say of the tobacco question. The use of it in any form is not an evidence of great refinement; but, if a man's other habits are all correct, "a man's a man for a' that;" yes, and a gentleman too; and as old black Pious Judy, who was a great smoker, said when asked if she supposed they would have her in heaven after smoking so much—"Yes," said she, "I 'spect to leave my breff behind me when I go dar." CRITIC.

Green Valley, Ill.

Exchanges Wanted.

I would like to exchange a canary bird for a pair of red birds not two years old. Will Mattie H. Little please send her address by postal to—MARY E. EVANS, Groveland, Ind?

Will any one send me a pattern of a princess dress? I have a nice ulster pattern I will exchange; also would like Anna L. Hyde's Turkish rag pattern.—MRS. HOLDEN, Box 123, Hastings, Mich.

I have books to exchange; will make known on application, stating what books you have to exchange.—R. T. B., Box 27, Carroll, Carroll County, Ind.

I have books to exchange for others suitable for library. Send card, stating what you have to exchange.—A. M. BRIGGS, Shelby, Ohio, Box 224.

Anyone will confer a favor who will send me the words of "Down in a Diving Bell," "How the Gates Came Ajar," "Good-bye John," "Bonnie Scotch Lassie Jean." I also have several pieces of music to exchange.—C. M. STEVANS, Oakland City, Ind.

I have a choice kind of blood beet, mammoth sunflower, a choice winter squash, equal to the Hubbard, and better for keeping. Anyone wanting a few seeds of either or all of these can get them by sending address and paying postage.—J. H. CHILCOTE, Albion, Noble Co., Ind.

I hope Emma Aaron will let me know why she sent no seeds.—H. A. LEWIS, Mantenville, Minn.

I have music to exchange for other music.—F. C. CHADWICK, Sublette, Ills

I have house plants, such as heliotrope, monthly rose, strawberry geranium and a vine for a hanging basket. I would like to exchange slips of these flowers for a calla lily, tube rose or sensitive plant.—Muscatine, Iowa, Call Box 144.

Hopeful's inquiry regarding the anonymous letter about the catarrh remedy in outward application, I will now recity by sending my address.—MRS. D. R. CAMPBELL, Wall Street, Kans.

We desire the addresses of the following persons for whom letters are held: "I. B. Lonesome," "Incog," "Fair Play," MRS. T. M. Patterson, "Toledo," and "Subscriber," who desired the poem "Hate the Bowl."

In the exchange column of BLADE June 12th was an advertisement signed.—MAY F. HOPE, Underhill Center.

There is no such person here as May Hope. Did you not make a mistake in the P. O. If you can find out the right address I will forward her mail,

L. F. TERRILL, P. M.

Who will send me the words to Bonnie Blue-eyed Scotch Lassie Jean, Down in the Diving Bell, Lora Vale, Walk Tom, Wilson and Good by John.—O. L. W., Box 71, Marshfield, Warren Co., Ind.

What has become of Mrs. E. M. Taylor of Pa., who offered to send pansy and double portulacca seed in exchange for patterns? I think it is about time she was remembering the rest of us, who have waited patiently now for one whole year, just a few for a start will satisfy us for the patterns sent.—MRS. A. J. MCDORMAN, Monclova, Lucas Co., Ohio.

I wish to exchange some flower seeds, such as four o'clock, lady slipper, French marigold, striped grass, etc., for specimens of curious stones and mineral stones. I also have some Rice corn seed which I will exchange for quilt pieces, and bracket patterns for bracket patterns.—G. N. DAWSON, Ogden Station, Lenawee Co., Mich.

I have nearly 30 volumes of magazines, novels, text-books, etc., to exchange for works on literature and biographies. If our Household friends having books to exchange, will write stating what they have, I will do the same. Also would like to open a correspondence with some of our literary friends, with a view to starting an amateur literary magazine the coming Fall.—WELLS MOULTON, Alexander, Genesee Co., N. Y.

I would exchange any articles peculiar to this State, woods, mosses, shells, minerals and curiosities, for curiosities of any kind, Indian remains, &c. Will some Southern member please send me cotton as it is before it is picked and dressed?—LINCOLN, Box 285, Springvale, Maine.

I have a handsome Elk bracket pattern, elephant, dog, bird and butterfly patterns to exchange for worsted pieces, suitable for log cabin quilt.—L. M., Box 35, Salem, Iowa.

I received from Mrs. F. Stewart root of the arbutus, and sent the mats I offered without delay. Since then I have roots from two ladies, but have no mats: so I thank them very kindly. Have also received quite a number of postals. I would like slips of house plants by and by; will send fancy work for choice plants—happy thought, geraniums, gold en center, green margin, white, with pink center.—MRS. G. B. HUBBARD, Sprout Brook, Montgomery County, N. Y.

I would exchange some gypsum, very fine and of various colors, and salt specimens, for copper and iron specimens, from the Lake Superior mines, or any other geological specimens useful in making a cabinet. Will pay for the copper and iron if the sender wishes, instead of those I have to exchange.—C. A. G., Box 607, West Bay City, Mich.

I have to exchange California roses, a vine with very pretty double pink roses, Japan potato or cinnamon vine. I have quite a number of the young potatos started. Will take in exchange flowers different from what I have, or reading matter or shells, or curiosities of any kind. Will some one send me numbers 19, 20, 21 and 22 of the BLADE of this year, as I cannot get them of the publishers? I will send any of the above plants or postage stamps.—T. T. E., Amelia, Benton Co., Ind.

Will Cappie please tell how to address a letter so as to reach her, and much oblige an—ADMIRER.

I have a pair of telephones (cost $5) and $1 worth of best wire, (one-half mile,) works well. Will exchange for good reading matter, either books or magazines. T. D. PEARCE, Milan, Tenn.

Please don't send any more orders for scroll sawing. I have found other employment, and so cannot spare time to work at it. I have a Gaskell's Compendium, new, a Holly scroll saw, also new, and complete outfit—cost altogether about $4—which I would exchange.—A. L. DAVENPORT, Bay Schuyler Co., Ill.

I would like to exchange thoroughbred poultry for a hand printing press that will print a form of 8x10 inches.—A. J. STEDMAN, Jeddo, Ohio.

I have some fine agates which I will exchange for mineral specimens, curiosities and relics of the mound-builders.—L. H. EVANS, Box 121, Elk River, Minn.

I have for exchange, Daniel Beronda, in two volumes, unbound, but with two illustrations, for which I would like a bound volume of the Language of Flowers, or four numbers of Harper's Magazine in good condition. I have also a dress chart or model—considered the best by many—by which any one of ordinary intelligence can cut patterns of any garment worn, with a little practice. I will exchange it. Any one wishing to learn dress cutting address me as below. I will exchange flower seeds for dahlia or gladiola or tuberose or purple calla roots.—SWEET BRIER, Hartford, Van Buren Co. Mich.

I wish to exchange for geological specimens of all kinds—ores, minerals, petrifactions, palæontological specimens—prehistoric (or Indian relics) agates, asbestos and crystals. I wish some but perfect, or as near perfect specimens as can be got—geological specimens to be large or medium cabinet size. I will exchange with any one in the United States or Canada, from one specimen to 100 weight.—W. B. ROSAMOND M. D., New Birmingham, Guernsey Co., O.

Will some one send me a few pine cones, a little bunch of mistletoe, a small sack of long gray moss, from the South? I will exchange delaine and alpaca scraps. I have double zinnias and gold cups, mourning brides, striped and yellow, marigold, amarsanths, etc.—NANCY CLOUD, Dolton City, Moultrie Co., Ill.

Where can I get a copy of the poems of the "Sweet Singer of Michigan?" Will give overskirt pattern and Presbyterian novel in exchange.—TOPLIFFE, Oconee, Ill.

I have Wilson's United States History, Mack's Organ Instruction Book, to exchange for books of like value. Let me know what you have. I have also a number of songs I will copy and send for worsted pieces.—FLORA HILL, Liverpool, Ill.

Was it "Wandering Jew" who wanted the music and words of "When You and I were Young, Maggie." I will loan it to her if she will pay postage both times. Some one wanted "Home Sweet Home." I will also loan it. I want "Watching and Waiting." I have other music to exchange for sea shells or cones. Will some one tell me how to cook ochra.—Address ROVING GYPSY, box 41, Equality, Ill.

I would like to exchange hair combings for house plants. I will have garden seeds this fall, such as sweet corn, a variety of beans, four kinds of squash, etc. Or any one not wishing any of these, let me know what they will take for begonias, cactus, monthly roses or fuchias, or any one having an abundance of any plants, let me know by postal. I will send postage.—M. MERCILL, Valley P. O., Clarion Co., Pa.

Our Young Folks.

A GREETING TO BABY.

Hail to the baby! Sing, each merry bird!
Let the joy ous echo far and near be heard.
We come here; we send thee living hopes and prayers,
Wishes for a bright life, free from pains and cares.

Blue-eyed, dark-haired Ethel,
Dreaming life away,
Oblivious of the future all the sunny day,
Winning words of love, so helpless, sweet and fair,
Of the joys of living may you have a share.

Cherish her, fond parents, guide your little one
O'er the troublous journey, only just begun.
Love her, little brothers, better every hour,
As the sweet bud opens to a perfect flower.

Help her o'er the roughness; smooth the thorns away;
Teach her truth and patience, teach her how to pray;
Guard her from the jostlings of earth's stony way;
Kiss away her troubles, lighten every load.

May she prove a blessing unto each one of the band,
Be the dearest daughter there is in all the land;
Be the sweetest sister to brothers kind and good,
Keeping them when needful as a sister should.

May she grow up lovely in body, mind and soul,
Win earth's sweetest prizes, reach each shining goal;
Scatter rays of sunshine all along the way,
Fill her home with brightness every fleeting day.
—*Ex.*

HIDING FROM PAPA.

Papa's lost his baby!
Searches everywhere,
Under chairs and tables
With the greatest care!

Pulls aside the curtain,
Peeps behind the door!
Never sees the little heap
Curled up on the floor;
Never hears that whisper,
"Mamma, don't you tell!"
Nor the little laughter,
Muffled, like a bell!

Off he scampers wildly,
Hunting here and there,
Overturning everything
With the greatest care.
Canary had a visit,
Sitting on his perch;
Mamma's apron pocket
Suffers by the search.

"Now I am so tired—
Elephant at play—
That I must take a rest
A minute by the way;
I'll lay my weary head
On this little rug,"
Under mamma's towel
Lay her darling, snug'

Then the merry scrambling
Papa laughed to see:
"And you didn't think, now,
That it *could* be me!"
—*Mrs. E. N. Turner, in Youth's Companion.*

Toby's Debt.

BY HENRIETTA H. HOLDICH.

"Mamma, I saw something down town that I want very much to buy."

"What is it, Toby?"

Toby wasn't his name, really, you know. Boys don't often have such names as that. His name was Thomas, really; Thomas Randolph, which is as good a name as any boy need wish to have. Boys who are named Thomas are generally called Tom or Tommy, but when Thomas was a little fellow he could not come any nearer to it than "Toby," and so Toby he had remained ever since.

When mamma asked Toby what it was that he wanted to buy, he hesitated a little before answering. Then he said:

"It didn't cost much, only a dollar, and it was such a jolly thing. It was a savings bank—not one of the kind we have already, you know, but a regular little sharp-shooter shooting at a target. You put a little paper percussion cap behind his shoulder and you lay a penny on his gun and then you press his left foot. Then the cap goes, bang! and the penny flies into a slit in the target, and drops into the money box, and a little bell rings to tell it's all right. May I buy it, mamma? Do please say yes!"

Mamma hesitated. They were not so poor that one dollar more or less counted for much, and she was anxious to give Toby all the pleasure she could. The trouble was that Toby had fallen into the habit of thinking that he must buy everything that struck his fancy, which is a very bad habit for any man or boy. Mamma had just begun to awaken to the perception to this fact, so now she said:

"How many savings banks have you already, Toby?"

"Only five," said Toby, "and only two of them are good for anything—the iron safe and the man who makes a bow when you put a penny into his hand and drops it into a box. You know papa says that savings banks are cheap things, because they teach boys to save money."

"The only trouble is," said mamma, laughing, "that you spend so much on them that there is nothing left to save. Now, Toby, I will tell you what I will do. I will lend you the money to buy this savings bank, if you think you really want it, provided you will promise to pay me again within three months. Think well about it first, Toby. I don't at all approve of borrowing money and nothing is more disgraceful than debt. If you do borrow of me you must not spend an unnecessary cent until your debt is cleared off. I shall still pay you your 10 cents a week, but you must save it all and earn what you can besides. Are you willing to take it on these terms?"

Toby stood still and thought for about three seconds. Then he said:

"I'll take it, mamma, and thank you besides. You don't know what fun it is to see that man shoot. 'Most as good as shooting yourself."

"Very well," was all that mamma said, as she handed him a dollar bill.

Toby bought his savings bank and brought it home. It was great fun, at first, to put the cap behind the shoulder of the little blue-coated soldier and the penny on his gun, to press his foot and see the penny fly straight into the slit in the middle of the target with a sharp little *ting!* The target was placed against the stump of a tree, and the stump was the money-box, you understand. There was a little trap door underneath, which you could open to take out the money, so that Toby could use the same penny again and again. This was very fortunate, as one penny was all that Toby had left. It was great fun so long as Toby's box of paper caps lasted, but when they were gone half of Toby's fun was gone too. The man still shot the penny and the bell still rang, but what was that without the flash and report of the cap, which made the shooting seem so real? Toby went to his mother.

"Mamma, will you please let me have part of my next week's allowance?"

"What for, Toby," said mamma, "and how much?"

"Five cents," said Toby, "to buy a box of caps."

Mamma did not answer for a moment. Then she said:

"Have you forgotten your debt, Toby?"

"My debt?" said Toby. "Oh! the dollar you lent me. No, ma'am, I haven't forgotten it, but I didn't know you were in a hurry for it."

"I am not in a hurry," said mamma, "but *you* ought to be. An honest man who is in debt does not buy unnecessary things until he has paid off his debt, Toby."

"Unnecessary? oh no!" said Toby, "but the caps are very necessary. The bank is no good at all without them."

"Oh, I see," said mamma, "you want them to stop up a hole that the money runs out of. Is that it?"

"Why, no, mamma, of course not. The money's all right, once it is in, until I take it out again; but the bank is no fun without the caps, don't you see?"

"Oh! I see," said mamma again. "Necessary and no fun mean the same thing, do they? You must have a new dictionary, Toby. Certainly it is one that I never saw."

"O mamma! how you do tease a fellow," said Toby, half laughing and half vexed. "Please will you let me have the five cents?"

"Oh, yes, Toby! I will let you have the five cents, but you must decide yourself what you will do with them," said mamma. "I have told you that an honest man always pays his debts before he buys unnecessary things. Now I want you to think it over and decide whether these things are absolutely necessary, or not, and act accordingly."

Mamma put the five cents into his hand, and Toby went off slowly with them, looking very thoughtful, while mamma went on with her sewing. Presently Toby came back again bringing, not the box of caps, but the savings-bank.

"Mamma," said Toby, "I've been thinking."

"I'm glad to hear it, Toby," said mamma, laughing. "It is a very wholesome amusement."

"I've been thinking," said Toby, "that if it's dishonest to spend money for unnecessary things while you are in debt, it must be still more dishonest to run in debt to buy them. I didn't really *need* this savings bank, you know, I only *wanted* it. It's great fun, but somehow I don't feel quite comfortable about it now. And so, mamma, if you'll just take it and keep it for me until I can save or earn enough money to buy it back, I know I shall feel ever so much better about it."

Mamma was pleased. Toby could tell that she was from the way that she looked at him; but she only said:

"You understand, Toby, that a debt is a debt all the same? It was the dollar and not the savings-bank that you borrowed from me, you know."

"Oh, yes, ma'am! I understand," said Toby. "It'll take 10 weeks, though, unless I can earn something to help out. I hope you're not hard pushed for the money, ma'am?"

Toby's eyes twinkled as he asked the question, and mamma laughed, too, as she said:

"Well, sir, I can wait a reasonable length of time, but in these times everybody is in more or less of a hurry for their money."

Ten weeks is a pretty long time for a boy to wait before he can hold his favorite plaything in his hands again, or indulge any of his whims and fancies. Toby held out bravely on the whole, though he was sorely tempted once in a while. Almost every week his 10 cents allowance was dropped into one of his old savings-banks. I say *almost* every week, for once or twice Toby was tempted beyond his strength. All the boys were buying tops and it looked very mean for him to hold back, so that week the savings bank had no money dropped into it. Toby repented afterward, but repentance did not put back the money, but only spoiled his enjoyment of his top. There was a picnic, too, to which Toby felt bound to go, and if he went of course he must pay his share of the expense.

"Do you think it necessary to go, Toby?" was all his mother said when she heard of it.

"Why, yes, mamma, the boys would think it so mean if I didn't."

"It is better to be *seen* mean than to *be* mean, Toby," was all that mamma said.

Toby was too much in a hurry to stop to think what she meant just then. After the picnic was over he remembered it, though, and knew that the real meanness consisted in taking the money which ought to have gone towards the payment of his debt to save his credit in the eyes of the other boys.

I have told you how Toby wasted his money, but on the other hand he managed to earn a little now and then. He weeded a garden bed for his father, who gave him 10 cents for it. He ran on errands for his grandmother once or twice, and the money thus gained was added to his savings. The 10 weeks had not expired when he came to his mother with a beaming face holding out a handful of pennies and small coins.

"Here you are, ma'am! all right. One hundred cents and half a dime over for interest. Count it and you'll see. And now, if you please, I'll have my dear old sharp shooter again."

"Take your half dime to buy caps with," said mamma. "I am satisfied with the original amount, *more* than satisfied if my boy has learned to realize some of the evils of debt and to stop and think before he indulges all his whims."

"Well," said Toby, "I think, on the whole, it is a little pleasanter not to be in debt. I don't think I'll try it again in a hurry. Do men always feel so when they are in debt, mamma?"

"Not always, I am afraid," said mamma; "but if they do not, it is for lack of the early training which I am trying to give you. Do you think I have succeeded, Toby?"

"You bet!" said Toby, and as the sentiment was all right, mamma did not say too much about the slang just then.

"Hay-Foot! Straw-Foot!"

Many boys and girls may have heard these words applied in a derisive way to raw recruits who were making a beginning in their military education by learning to march, but very few young people—or old ones, either—know how the terms originated.

During the war of 1812, there was a great deal of drilling among the militia men all over the country, especially in the larger Cities and Towns, where the principal recruiting stations were situated. In New York City much of the drilling was done in what is now City Hall Park, in front of a tavern which stood where the *Sun* newspaper is located. Many of these would-be soldiers were from the country, and these, of course, knew nothing at all about marching in military fashion. They could walk far enough, some of them, and work as hard and bear as much fatigue as any soldier in a regular army; but they walked as they pleased, and had no ideas about such things as "keeping step." It is even said that there were fellows among them who did not know their right foot from their left, and who were therefore continually getting themselves and their companions into dis order by mixing up their legs—that is, moving out their right leg when the officer who was drilling them called out "Left," and the other leg when he called out "Right." If they could have put both legs forward at once, it is probable that they would sometimes have done so.

To make his men understand exactly which leg was meant when the officer gave his orders, a curious plan was devised. Around the right leg of each man, just below the knee, was tied a wisp of hay, while a wisp of straw was tied around his left leg. Now, these country fellows knew very well the difference between hay and straw, and so, when they were ranged in line and the officers gave the word to march, and called out, "Hay-foot! straw-foot! hay foot! strawfoot! each one of them understood exactly which was the foot he must put forward.

It sometimes happened, however, that a man would be so busy observing his companions—and perhaps making fun at the same time, of their attempts to walk like soldiers—that he would forget his own business, and put forward his "straw foot," when "hay-foot" was called for.

It must have been very funny to see these raw recruits—here a country ostler in high boots and striped shirt, there a country farmer in his shirt-sleeves and broad straw hat; then, perhaps, a village doctor or school master, with his high beaver hat and his spectacles, with a tall boy near by in cap and short jacket—all marching side by side, with hands down by their sides, thumbs turned out, eyes fixed on the officer as he stepped backward before them, and all keeping time to the monotonous call of "hay foot! straw-foot! hay-foot! straw-foot!"

The regular soldiers who may have been drilling at the same time probably smiled, if they did not dare to laugh, at these queer-looking men with their hay and straw-bound legs, but the mothers and fathers, and sisters of the recruits, if any of them chanced to come to town to see their sons or brothers drill, doubtless thought the affair a fine military display, and that Jeremiah or Caleb would be a General yet, if the war lasted long enough. *St Nicholas*

CATCHING A WIFE ON THE FLY.

The Most Remarkable Courtship and Marriage on Record.

(Waca, Texas) Examiner, June 29.

M. C. Shakespeare, a farmer residing in the Northwestern part of the country, and possibly a distant relative of the renowned bard of that name, called on the Rev. J. H. Richley, in this City, at 2 o'clock yesterday afternoon and said:

"Parson do you know all the ladies in Waco?"

"No," replied Mr. Richley, "I don't know half of them."

"Do you know a widow lady named Mrs. Ward who is employed in the family of Dr. McGregor?"

"I have not," said Mr. Richey, "the honor of her acquaintance; but why do you ask?"

"Well," said Mr. Shakespeare, "I don't know her either; never saw her in my life, but thinking as maybe you knew all about her, I thought I'd come and ask you. I'm th

The Farm.

In this Department we cordially invite questions, answers, and also short communications on agricultural topics, brief crop reports, etc. etc. Contributions should be written legibly and on one side of the paper only, and never on the same sheet with subscription letters. The full name and address should in all cases accompany each letter.

Notes and Queries.

BURDOCKS.—Will some one please tell me through the columns of the BLADE, how to get rid of the large burdock weeds, it is very troublesome.—A. HEADER, Waterloo, Ios.

AMBER CANE.—Will some one who has had experience in making sugar from amber cane write a account of the method pursued, for the columns of the BLADE? —M. A. C., Liskilwa, Ill.

CHEWING BONES.—Can any one tell me the cause of cows hunting and chewing bones? 2. What will cure or prevent them from doing so? and 3, where can the remedy be obtained?—J. P. BARNES, Pilot Rock, Iowa.

NO SOAP.—Why is that the ashes of some kinds of wood and corn cobs will not make what we call soft soap? Although the lye appears to be strong there appears to be no affinity for the grease for that purpose. Will some one give a good recipe?—A. MAXWELL, Union Grove, Iowa.

GRAPE ROT.—Will some reader tell me what it is that affects the grapes to make them take with a dry rot, and all on the bunch and finally all on the vine, to dry up and decay? If there is a cure for it, I would like to know it. Will some old horticulturist tell me of some good books on horticulture and small fruit culture, and oblige?—ZIP, Oakwood, Ohio.

GOPHERS.—I would say in answer to W. H. E.'s query about gophers, that he can catch them with a common steel trap by taking (after the trap is set and placed on the ground near the hole) some corn, four or five kernels will answer, and place them *under* the pan of the trap. The gopher in trying to get at the corn will get caught.—H. LORRY, Graverville, Wis.

APPLYING HEN MANURE.—In answer to H. Lorsey, Goresville Wis., in BLADE of April 2d, I would say mix your hen manure with one third part of wood ashes and put one single handful in hill covering the mixture one inch with earth to prevent the ashes from eating the germ from the corn. It will improve your crop by making it earlier and give a larger growth of ears as well as stalk.—FARM BOY, Ulysses, Pa.

BLACKBERRY CULTURE, ETC.—Will some one please tell us how to grow blackberries? I find growing wild near us a fine stand of very large fruit, but rather sour. Want to move roots to better place and try to improve quality of fruit. Shall I plant seed or take up roots in the Fall or Spring? Would rose apples or seed bulbs of the sweet brier injure pigs? The seed is quite fuzzy, stings me through when I have tried tasting the juice; it is quite sweet; the seed ball very abundant, the plant in bloom, beautiful leaves fragrant, would make a beautiful hedge. What is a good way to tell what berries, etc., are good for food. We have abundance of volunteer parsnips, roots not good, bearing multitudes of oily seeds which ought to be put to some use.—A. S. B.

For the Blade.

How to Get Rid of Gophers.

If "W. K. E." could persuade his County to offer a bounty of six or 10 cents on pocket gophers, they would be exterminated in a few months. The people's money could not be spent more profitably. The common steel trap is, in every point, superior to any other. When you have learned the slight of setting it, you will have no more difficulty in catching gophers. In the Fall of the year, the best time to trap for them, I rarely fail to find my gopher fast, and within five hours after setting the trap. My method is as follows: Open the hole at a gopher hill and follow a few inches until you come to or near the main road. Hollow out a place just large enough to admit the trap set.

Place at right angles to the road leaving the spring outside, and taking care to sink down perfectly level with the runway. Over this place a board and cover with earth.

A gentleman who has made hedge growing a specialty for years, says that he has no trouble with gophers, which ordinarily prove so destructive to osage orange hedge. He poisons them. His method is as follows: Take an apple tree limb, and insert strychnine under the bark, about an inch from the but end. Going to a gopher hill, observe that the slope is longer on one side than on the other. At right angles to this slope, and within a few inches of the hill, is the main road.

Make several thrusts with the stick. When it strikes the runway you will know by its making a short sudden movement down and checking as it bottom. Leave it so that you are sure that the poisoned part is in the road. The gophers will eat the bark greedily. After a few trials you will find the roads at once.—E. C. ROBINSON, Kansas.

For the Blade.

Raising Potatoes.

I would like to tell the readers of the FARM how I raise potatos. Though it is rather late for this season, maybe some one may want to try it next. Plow the ground in the fall or early in the spring. Just before planting time harrow it over four or five times so as to make it mellow. Then make the rows four feet apart. Use small potatos whole, or large ones cut up, dropping them from eight to 10 inches apart, and cover them about two inches deep. Just as soon as they are up so that the rows can be seen, run through with a cultivator and cover them up about two inches. This destroys all weeds, etc., that have started up, and I believe it does the potatos good to cover them. Hill up the potatos with a plow just before they blossom—and soon after a good rain, if possible. They will need but little work with the hoe if care is taken with the plow. The potatos are now in good condition to dig with a potato digger, plow, or with the hoe, as circumstances permit.—J. TUNIS, Lockwood, Mich.

Cut the Grass.

Do not wait for the grass or the clover to get ripe before you cut it for hay. Any of the meadow grasses are in their prime for hay, so far as nourishment is concerned, just after they are out of bloom. The sap that goes to form the seed is then in its best state of elaboration. Every day the farmer waits afterwards militates against the value of the hay for feeding stock, for the nutriment in the stock goes towards the ripening of the seed, and in grass this is the least valuable. The same rule will apply to clover or any other forage crop, including Indian corn for fodder. Cut any forage crop just after the time it has fairly formed its seed heads. For selling to City consumers it does not so much matter. Many of them like ripe hay. If they will have it, let them. It is their privilege to buy what they like—if they can pay for it. Those who keep themselves posted on the subject of agriculture don't want ripe hay. Some men who keep baiting stables in Cities, like hay dead ripe; horses do not eat so much of it.

In mowing, do not set the sickle bar too close to the ground, especially if it be timothy. An inch stubble is quite close enough. Timothy forms a bulb at the surface of the ground. Close cutting often kills this, and the farmer who does not read is somewhat puzzled to know why his timothy is suddenly killed. It is often her from close cutting than from freezing out, or any other cause.

In curing hay, do not let it get too dry before raking. Rake as soon as the hay will stay well in the rake. Do not let nearly dried hay take rain if it can possibly be avoided. It is cheaper in the end to spread hay from the cock than to let it get wet in the swathe, and especially better to open the cocks rather than let it get wet in the windrow. Clover hay should be simply allowed to get half dry on the ground, and then be cured in high narrow cocks. Even if, in curing, it browns some, it is better than to let it become bleached by exposure to the sun. Bleaching causes the leaves to drop. If slightly heated in the cock, the leaves are toughened.

Do not salt wet hay with a view of bettering its condition. It will not help a bit—will injure it rather; that is stock that are starved for the want of salt will eat rotten hay for the sake of the salt. Better use the spoiled hay for littering the yards and give the animals their salt, as it comes from the dealer. If hay is rather green from the sap it contains, thoroughly dried salt will take up much of the superabundant moisture, and the quality of the hay will remain intact. In any case we should not give more than eight quarts of salt to the ton. Thus salted it may be used once a day as a feed, and preferably in the morning. Since it will excite thirst, at about the time the stock are turned out to drink.

It is not generally known that hay may be put in a barn much greener than in a stack, and come out all right. The reason of this is that it is kept more perfectly, from contact with the air. It will sometimes heat severely. The moisture will stand over the top of the mow, and for the reason that during the process of fermentation, the moisture rises to the surface faster than it can be absorbed by the air in the barn. Whenever this is the case, if the mow gets so hot that a sharpened stake driven deep in the mow, and allowed to remain over night comes out in the morning so hot as to be too warm for the hand, there will be danger of serious mow burning. If only a gentle heat is experienced, the hay will not be injured, and although it may be browned somewhat many good farmers consider it better for this fermentation. The safe rule, however, is to so dry the hay that it will remain its normal green color as hay in the mow or stack so far as possible.—*Prairie Farmer.*

The Continued Use of Lime.

The following paper on this subject was submitted at a recent meeting of the Bucks County Agricultural Society by Mr. Robert Ivins, and is of interest because lime has been employed as a fertilizer longer and more extensively, we presume, in Eastern Pennsylvania than in any other part of the country:

Having faith in the efficacy of lime as a fertilizer I can not doubt that it will pay to continue its application to our land; although under present circumstances it might not prove profitable if full remuneration for the outlay should be expected in one crop. It is thought that the application of lime once in a rotation of crops of five or six years is sufficient, hence the cost of its application should be charged to the crops of that number of years. By the railroads recently extended into this neighborhood, we are enabled to obtain lime very conveniently, and at exceedingly low prices, so that the cost of 40 bushels of lime per acre would not, without the labor, involve a cost of over 75 cents per acre, per year. I am aware that we have excellent and intelligent farmers who do not think lime of any service in the production of crops, and have nearly discarded its use. I doubt not but even these would be more than repaid for this very small outlay, even at the present low prices of produce.

Lime has increased the productiveness of the land of this county within the last 50 years, more than all the manufactured and commercial fertilizers combined; although the latter are used at an annual cost of thousands of dollars to our farmers. If we wish to know what lime has done for our land, let us refer to some of our older men as to the condition of the land in their younger years, of its productiveness, and of the effects of lime at that time. They will tell us that lime restored the worn-out soil, that was only prolific in briers and poverty grass, to fertility and the production of crops four times as large as before lime was used. Lime in those days was procured under unfavorable circumstances. In many instances it had to be hauled 20 miles in wagons without patent locks, over bad roads, with hills ungraded and streams unbridged, etc. At that time the question was not "will it pay?" but how to obtain it. I admit and believe that its effects are not as apparent now as when first applied to our land.

It has not ceased to be sufficiently efficacious to fully pay for its judicious application.

Lime, besides being a fertilizer, acts chemically upon the soil, and renders available as plant food some of its constituents which otherwise are useless. Lime caters into nearly all crops, and is found in ripened grain in quantities sufficient to warrant us in applying it to our soils, unless satisfied it does already exist there in sufficient quantities for the production of our various farm crops. Perhaps I am over-reaching the question in this direction; but as I refered to a class of farmers who have nearly abandoned the use of lime, there is another class whom I wish to mention also. It is that class who have been pursuing a regular course of liming—their farms, their crops and their thrift are evidences that lime continues to be useful and pays for all that it costs.

We are only enabled to estimate the value of lime by comparisons, for farmers make no experiments that are absolute, as to gain or loss, upon the different crops. In observing the farming operations of a neighbor, who for a number of years had not used lime upon his land, I notice that he has very perceptibly increased the productiveness of the farm by its use within the past six years, and instead of indifferent crops, he is now rewarded by very fair ones, much to the satisfaction of the tiller of the soil.

Again, there is another farm which comes under my observation that has not had a wagon load of lime applied to the land within the past 50 years, except what was applied last year. The condition of the farm is good, and good crops are produced, but sorrel abounds in an unusual degree. Would not this farm be improved by the use of lime? I think it would undoubtedly pay in this case.

To the use of lime, more than anything else, I attribute the improvement in the farm on which I now reside. Fifteen years ago the soil was poor and unproductive, and in comparison with the farms of that section was very far less productive, not yielding a sufficiency of hay for wintering a small stock. For its improvement lime was used freely, till nearly the whole farm had received at least three applications, and its crops were fully doubled. The effects of the use of lime were more apparent when the soil was in its low and worn out condition. I continue its use, believing it is sufficiently active upon the soil to warrant the small cost.

Advantages of Summer Pruning.

Perhaps the want of care to fruit trees, especially to young apple and pear trees, is nowhere more noticeable than in neglect of proper pruning. Young trees set in good situations are left to themselves, and in a few years have a superabundance of wood, so much so, indeed, that they bear little or no fruit at an age when they should be a source of profit; or they have a large and unbalanced top which can only be put in proper shape by saw and knife, to the injury of the tree. And this could all be avoided by attention to Summer pruning, often without the use of pruning tools, in the early period of the growth of the trees. It is not unfrequently the case that one finds healthy, well-grown fruit trees that have been kept in shape wholly by the use of the thumb and finger, brushing off the buds here, and shortening in or removing the branches there, having been the only pruning the trees have received. When trees have been left to grow as they have pleased for a number of years, and then are taken in hand with saw and pruning knife, it is not an easy matter to make good shaped trees of them, while the severe cutting off of the large branches often gives the trees such a shock as it is a long time in recovering from.

Now the better mode, in fact the only true way, is to Summer prune gently, while the tree is young, and then keep it within easy control, and make of it just such a tree as you wish. A sharp pocket knife is better than the thumb and finger and is the only pruning implement ever needed. Clip off the ends of the side shoots, and where two are inclined to grow near together or in the same direction, or to cross each other in such a way that they would interfere with one another when they become large, and in this way shape the top of the tree at will. This shortening of the shoots also checks the sap, and by this means fruit buds are developed, whereas without it the branches would only grow leaves for a long time. The earlier fruitfulness of the tree is therefore induced, and profit sooner obtained. Not only this, the leading shoots make a vigorous growth, and are better enabled to withstand the cold of Winter, than where from an excess of woody growth full development is not attained. This delightful work of Summer pruning—for it is delightful, it is not labor, but a pastime, making one acquainted with his trees, which he learns to love—should be kept in hand constantly through the season, and the top of the tree shaped at will.—*American Cultivator.*

HEBREW CONVENTION.

Further Proceedings of the Session

NEW YORK, July 9.—The sixth council of the Union of the American and Hebrew congregations resumed their session to day. Rev. Dr. Lilverthal, chairman of the special session on the course of study from the Hebrew Union College, presented a unanimous report on the subject, in which he said he was happy to say all differences between the clergy had been settled. The report was unanimously adopted.

Rev. Dr. Mendes, Chairman of the Committee on the Union College presented a report recommending the establishment of a college, the erection of a building for such purposes in Cincinnati and adverse to the establishment of a branch college in New York, owing to the fact that until the college proper in Cincinnati is fully established ns branch is permissable according to law. The report recommended the appropriation of $15,000 for the support of a Preparatory after amendment to the effect that the committee is opposed to the establishment of a branch college in New York, because it was in conflict with the organic law. The report was adopted.

NEW YORK, July 10.—The Council of Union of American Hebrew congregations to day considered the subject of agriculture. An amendment was offered that in order to carry out their plans successfully the Executive Boards should be instructed to appoint a Committee on Agriculture. Said Committee shall secure donations of land, farming implements and money, and as soon as they obtain a tract of land they shall subdivide it into farms of 50 to 80 acres for one family; said family shall have that land free of any rental for a term of seven years. After seven years the price shall be fixed on favorable terms for which that family can buy said land, and money thus received by the Executive Board to be re-invested in fertile land and to be given to other settlers on the same conditions.

Rev. Dr. Wise spoke in favor of the scheme.

Rev. Dr. Moses, of Alabama, said the dwelling place of the Jews always had been in Cities, and he thought it much better for them to devote their attention to commerce.

Joseph, of Cincinnati, contended that the carrying out of the scheme would be a great benefit, as it would result in rescuing men from idleness who would otherwise remain in pauperism. The discussion was long and interesting.

The report was at length adopted, with the following further amendment, that the Executive Committee be authorized to purchase such additional tracts of land as they may deem inexpedient, and as funds for that purpose will allow. The Executive Committee were further authorized to confer with such other organizations having kindred objects in view, for the purpose of carrying into successful operation some practical plan for agricultural pursuits.

It was resolved to hold the next annual meeting in Chicago, on the second Tuesday of July. Rev. Jacobs, Chairman of the Committee on Publications, presented a report touching several resolutions, that were referred to such committee:

First. It is not in the province of the committee to devise any plan of instruction for Congregational Schools.

Second.—That it would be an infringement on the constitution of the Union of American Hebrew congregations to legislate on the subject of a prayer book.

Third.—That it is not advisable to issue a monthly statement of Congregational affairs.

Fourth.—That it is not practicable for the Council to undertake the establishment of a central organ for pupils and our religious schools, but that all such undertakings be left for the present to individual enterprise and the merit of the work itself.

Fifth.—That the subject of the publication of text books for religious schools having been provided for in previous reports of this Committee, it has not been deemed necessary to reiterate the provisions made for aiding others in their publications. The report was unanimously adopted.

The following gentlemen were then elected to compose the Executive Board: David Adler, Milwaukee; Louis Asch, New York; Marcus Berliner, New York; Barnard Beltman, Cincinnati; Augustus Burswanger and Louis B. H. Feustmen, Philadelphia; Julius Freberg, Cincinnati; Max L. Gutman, Rochester; Wm. Goodheart, W. B. Hockenburg, Philadelphia; Louis Reinsheimer, Cincinnati; Adolph Harris, Houston, Tex.; Meyer S. Isaacs, New York; Hezekiah Cohn, New York; Adam A. Kramer, Cincinnati, Moritz Loth, Cincinnati; Sigmund Mann, Cleveland.

The Council then adjourned.

At the close of the council the Executive Board elected the following officers for the next two years: President, Morris Loth, Cincinnati; Vice President, Adolph L. Langer, New York; Secretary, L. Levy, Cincinnati; Treasurer, Solomon Levi, Cincinnati.

Mr. Salsberger resigned from the Board and ex-Coroner Ellinger was elected a member in his stead. The Board then elected the following Committee on Agriculture: Ex-Coroner Ellinger, M. Bartheimet, Pittsburg; Julius Freiberg, Cincinnati; Joseph Lemon, New Orleans; L. Siberman, Chicago.

The Board then adjourned subject to the call of the Chair.

ENGLISH POLITICS.

Discussion of the Irish University Bill.

LONDON, July 9.—The House of Commons last night, despite some objections by the Government, voted, 76 to 56, in favor of the establishment of the Department of Agriculture and Commerce under a special Cabinet Minister.

In the House of Lords, the Government Irish University bill was read the second time. The debate tended to show that the Government may hereafter consent to additions to the bill tending to satisfy the claims of Irish Catholics in regard to endowments. Thus Lord Cairns, while still opposing the direct endowment of denominational institutions pointed out that the University of London received some thousand yearly for the purpose of rewarding those who pass the examination which is open to all comers. He said he was quite sure if the Senate of the proposed Irish University were to come to parliament and say that in order to advance education, it would be advisable to offer exhibitions and rewards no objection would be taken on denominal grounds.

The Times considers this is a plain intimation to Catholics to get their University first and ask for money afterwards. This opens the prospect of settlement of the University question in lines of the intermediate education act passed last year.

John Sherman Did.

Columbus Journal.

Money is cheaper—that is to say, interest is lower—in America to-day than it has been any time since the lading of the Pilgrims on Plymouth Rock? Had John Sherman——. He did it in the interest of the money lenders? Vive la Humbug!

LEADVILLE.

A Camp Which Promises to Furnish This Year $12,000,000 to $15,000,000.

The District Only Just Beginning to be Developed---New Discoveries Constantly Being Made

How the Carbonates Are Found—Tricks of Sharpers—The Silver Metropolis and Its Surroundings—How to Reach the Mecca of the Wealth-Seeker.

Special Correspondence of the Chicago Tribune.

LEADVILLE, Col., June 29.—At last I have reached the Silver Metropolis,—the Mecca of an unceasing tide of pilgrimage, —the wonderful bantling which, though still in swaddling clothes, is attracting the attention of the world, and is destined to wield a sceptre of monetary power equaled by few localities in the universe. A camp which, though less than two years old, promises to furnish for the season of 1879 from $12,000,000 to $15,000,000, with an almost certain probability of doubling that amount next year, must prove a most important factor in the world's financial calculations. Yet a single mine here, the Little Chief, is now producing at the rate of nearly $3,000,000 a year.

Ever since the lucky Dutchman discovered the Little Pittsburg, with its untold wealth of mineral, and other mines followed so rapidly in the development of the previously unknown carbonates, I have read all that I could of it; and, "now that mine eyes have seen it," and after 10 days of constant riding and climbing over the steep and rugged hills which environ the camp, I can

'ONLY BEGIN TO REALIZE

the vastness and the depth of the rich deposits which Nature poured over the lime rock so many centuries ago, and then buried under deep beds of iron, and porphyry, and quartz, to keep it for our day. Many races have trodden these gulches and climbed these mountain-sides, and perhaps have examined with curious eyes the black, iron stained float-rock which, broken and drifted down through the ages, covers in fragments these steep ascents,—but never imagined that they were the guide-stones telling of the mighty wealth which was deposited below when the tides of the Silurian Seas beat upon their shores; or perhaps they are the lava-like outpourings of some enormous crater charged with a world's wealth, which poured them down over the uneven formations, and deposited them in waves of silver over the hardening lime-rock. Even from the days of the Aztecs, and through the changing dynasties of Indian and Mexican races, the veins of native silver and gold from Northern Colorado to Mexico were worked, and races of ancient mining are discovered in many localities; but their chemitry did not reach the carbonates, and telluride, and other ores, in which the precious metals are totally invisible, and which show no more outward signs of value than the sand hills of Cape Cod.

Near the ancient Town of Taos, in Southern Colorado, where the fire-worship of the Pueblo Indians is yet retained, and where they are still awaiting the long-delayed return of the old Chieftain-God, Montezuma,

THERE ARE ANCIENT MINES,

almost buried under the debris of ages. One of these has been recently reopened by a party of railroad men, and a long flight of over 80 stone steps been uncovered, up which the slaves used to bear their burdens of mineral on their shoulders to their crude crushing and refining works. A gentleman now here claims that he has seen in ancient records at the City of Mexico accounts showing that the followers of Cortez penetrated to these mountains in search of the rich mines from which the natives gathered their great stores of gold and silver, and that many of the best mines were destroyed and buried to conceal them from the rapacity of the invaders. Traces of these ancient works are found in many places throughout Colorado, New Mexico, and Arizona.

I have visited many of the other mining camps of this and other States, and, comparing them with the glowing accounds of Leadville as given by enthusiastic correspondents, I had thought the latter strained and exaggerated; but, from the thorough examination I have given of the camp since I came I am compelled to say that the half has not been told. The fact is, that this mining district is only just beginning to be developed; and another year will show greater results hardly dreamed of by your correspondents who were here last Winter and Spring. The announcements of new discoveries chase each other like corn in a popper. The silver region here is quite different from all that were formerly known. It is customary for prospectors in most camps to search the hills for veins cropping out upon the surface, and then follow them up, like the threads of a labyrinth, until, as they penetrate deeper, the veins grow richer and more valuable. And, however great might be the riches hidden beneath, they could only be reached (except perhaps by accident) by following the surface clue. Here, the formation

IS ENTIRELY DIFFERENT.

Neither native silver nor carbonates are found upon, or very close to, the surface; but they seem to lie in great beds, of varying thickness, between strata of porphyry, iron, and lime, at a depth of from 50 to 250 feet below the surface; and, where shafts are sunk to mineral in claims, in almost every case a shaft upon an adjoining claim will reach it also, though it may be at a greater depth, and the grade of ore may be somewhat different. The experience of miners in this respect gives great confidence as to the security and permanency of the camp.

As the shafts are sunk or the tunnels driven into the hill-sides, various changes of rock, in almost regular formation, are found—such as quartz or quartzite granite, porphyry, trachyte and dolomite—sometimes solid and sometimes scaly. Then, as they go down, the iron stains become stronger, the oxydations and disintegrations more complete. Then the iron is more pronounced, and the formations more solid. Then often a kind of sand, as they call it here, is found, and soon the "compact" is reached. Below this bed, and generally lying between clear formation of porphyry and limerock, is found Prince Carbonate—sometimes looking hard and dark, much like a blue limestone; sometimes full of visible galena; sometimes decomposed, and resembling a reddish sand, and sometimes looking like a stained chalk or decomposed gypsum—by its weight alone indicating its richness of silver. This bed of carbonates of lead varies in thickness from three to 70 feet, and varies also greatly in richness of mineral.

Yet not every "prospect" is a mine, or will become one; and investors in Chicago

CANNOT BE TOO CAREFUL

not to buy interests or stocks in mines without full and careful investigation by competent persons. This place is full of speculators and sharpers, who introduce themselves to new comers with apparently golden offers of interests in mines yet to be developed, of which many are promising and many are quite the contrary. Yet, with proper care and investigations, I know of no place in America where at this time so good returns may be secured for a little money. To the honor of Leadville be it said, there have been but few cases of "salting" of mines; but there have been a few cases where it has been so ingeniously done as to deceive any but the most careful expert.

Recent discoveries seem to indicate that there is not alone one deposit, but several, buried like coal-veins, with intervening strata of rock; and, where the lower one lies, no one yet knows.

There are many theories promulgated concerning the processes of deposition of these great beds of carbonates, of which I shall speak in future letters. The field is so great that I have been able as yet to take but flying and cursory glances—my first object being to form an opinion of the extent and mineral development of the camp—examining and comparing as far as possible, the ores and minerals found in different localities, and the geological formations, that I might form a more proper and correct conception of the whole. I have visited prospect-shafts and tunnels in all stages of progress. I am not yet prepared to report fully, but shall continue to study them from day to day, and will give the results to the readers of the *Tribune*. But I am now prepared to say that I

HAVE NEVER SEEN ANYTHING TO APPROACH

this camp anywhere else. Those who were here last Winter and Spring can form but little idea of its prospects as developed to-day, nor to-day can one safely measure its future. New discoveries of rich ores are announced almost daily, and many of the prospect-holes of last Spring have been sunk by plucky and persistent laborers until they have "struck the contact," and those who have toiled for months, suffering privations and poverty, have been rewarded richly at last. Leadville's future is fully and permanently assured. Yet my impression is, that it would not be prudent for men without means to come here now. The country is all staked off for miles around, and there are men enough here to work the mines. There is no scarcity of labor. Capital is wanted to develop the mines, but I think there is muscle enough here already.

In other letters I will speak in detail of the discoveries which have made the gulches and steep mountain sides, and the hills back of Leadville, the most valuable territory in the world, also of the processes of working the mines and the placers, and of the reduction of the ores as employed here. Leadville itself is pleasantly situated on a gently-sloping plateau, about two or three miles from its source, and is surrounded on all sides, except the south, by lofty mountains. Its altitude is about 10,300 feet above the sea level, which causes the unacclimated "tenderfoot" to pant for breath unless he exercises himself very gently. The days are delightful now, with a kind of Autumn-like, half-warmth half-coolness, but every night one needs to pile on the blankets. On the morning of June 28 some parties had a skate on one of the town ditches, and this morning

I NOTICED ICE

about a quarter of an inch thick.

Just across the river, and appearing so close in this clear air as to make them seem but a pleasant morning, walk, rise the lofty, white-capped peaks, of the great Continantal "Divide;" from which the melting of the snows which eternally crown their summits unites on the west to form the rivers of the Pacific Slope; on this side of the waters starting on their long course to the Atlantic Ocean. Close to the town, and to the north and east, rise Fryer Hill and Carbonate Hill, made famous by the earlier discoveries,—sloping gently to the town, and rising farther by continuous and steeper ascents, until they touch the clouds. Then back of them rise Mounts Sheridan, Sherman, Bross, and other peaks, whose steep sides are already pockmarked by the holes of prospectors; and in many places, far up at dizzy hights, will be seen the dump and square entrance of some tunnel, — exciting wonder as to how the adventurous prospector ever got there; and your own heart, thumping against your ribs, says *you* don't want to try it. Between these hills the intervening valleys, or gulches as they are called here, seem to radiate toward the town,—the principal ones being known as California Gulch, Iowa, Stray Horse, Big and Little Evans, etc.

The hills, and lower mountain sides below the timber-line (which here reaches to over 12,000 feet of altitude), except close to the town, are covered by a dense growth of pines, so close as to make progress through them difficult; but, near the more central mines, they have been mostly cut off for timber used in the shafts and levels, or for charcoal, or sawed into lumber for the buildings. An immense and rapidly increasing area has been destroyed by the

VERY EXTENSIVE FOREST FIRES

which have ravaged the district so extensively during the past few weeks. For this destruction the prospectors themselves are largely responsible, as the fires are almost universally the result of the most reckless carelessness. Yesterday, in riding over Upper Fryer Hill, I saw a fire well started in the timber and underbrush; and, though there were hundreds of miners within a short distance, not a hand was raised to put it out, though it could then have been easily done, and though, if it spread, it would certainly destroy their cabins, tents, and hoisting apparatus. I spoke in indignation at their apathy to my riding companion, an old miner of long experience, and he simply replied, "They are not paid for putting out fires." The anticipated result was proved last night by the destruction of hundreds of acres of timber and many a prospector's cabin.

Leadville is growing very rapidly, and the newspapers here claim a population, including the prospecters' and miners' tributary, of 25,000, and assert that by Fall there will be 35,000 to 40,000. The place does not appear to have as many as really are here, owing to the closely-packed condition of the houses. Women are comparatively scarce as yet, though the number increases daily. Many who refused to do so formerly are now bringing their wives and families, being tired of their restaurant and hotel-life, and are building neat cottage homes; the effect of which upon the camp is evident and most salutary.

THE HUTCHINSON FAMILY,

the "Tribe of Asia,"—the sweet singers from the Old Granite State,—came here last week to give a few concerts; and it was most interesting to note in the motley audience which gathered in the "Opera House" the number of ladies who were present. The rough-clad miners who formed a large part of the audience listened with hearty appreciation to the sweet ballads of the olden times, as they poured in silvery harmony from the lips of the singers. The family are so much pleased with Leadville that they will spend the Summer here, and we trust to hear often their sweet voices.

This place is situated about 120 miles from Canon City and Colorado Springs respectively, and 145 miles from Denver. The modes of access are very good, and the roads are highly picturesque. From Canon City, which is reached from the east by the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railroad, and the Denver & Rio Grande Railroad, the long-established Barlow & Sanderson's Overland Mail Company run a line of six-horse Concord coaches, which make good time, and pass over some of the finest scenery of the Continent. The Santa Fe Railroad Company are pushing their railroad lines from the same point to Leadville, having already completed it through the Grand Canon of the Arkansas River, and are working contracts of different sections, which will be connected in time to reach Leadville this fall. From Colorado Springs, Bradbury, Woodgate & Hundley are operating a line of Concord coaches, making the trip by easy stages in two days,—resting over night at a beautiful place in the South Park, and passing in their route Manitau, the romantic Ute Pass, the Hot Springs, and the mountain range.

FROM DENVER

the South Park & Pacific Railroad Company have with great energy completed their line of road for 90 miles, reducing the stage-trip to about 55 miles. Starting from Denver, I came over the latter road, taking two days for the trip, though it may be made in one; at the sacrifice of seeing the fine scenery along the line of the South Park Road. The railroad follows for some 25 miles the Valley of the Platte, until suddenly, with a sharp swing to the right, we enter the beautiful Platte Canon. The scenery of this canon for about 50 miles is one kaleidoscope of beauty, ever changing and ever new. In many places the envious rocks close down on the roadway as if to forbid a passage; while the foaming river, boiling and leaping on the other side, seems to say, "You can't come this way." But the cunning track, with a quick turn, avoids Scylla and just dodges Charybdis. This canon has not the lofty, precipitous walls of the Grand Canon of the Arkansas; but its sloping, grass-covered sides, and often abrupt rocky points, recede back to a great hight. At Kenosha Hill the railroad climbs by a zig zag route to the lofty hight of 10,300 feet,—being the greatest reached by any American railroad line. From this point it commands a sublime view of the valley far below; and soon, by an easy grade, descends into the famous South Park, which is spread out below like a billowy sea. From the terminus at Jefferson we took one of Wall & Witter's "opposition" stages, and were whirled away 17 miles, through the eddying dust, to Fair Play, where we rested for the night.

The next morning

I WAS FORTUNATE

in avoiding the ride on the overcrowded stages of the two competing lines, as Mr. Wall himself, who had come over the previous day from Leadville with an "extra,"—a very comfortable, three-seated, covered road wagon, and four spanking horses,—took a jolly party of five of us under his own wing, and brought us through flying, ahead of all the stages. Mr. Wall is a genial gentleman, full of fun, and a capital whip. Our party consisted of Gen. G., from Laporte, Ind.; two gentleman from Denver; a lady, wife of one of Colorado's first bankers, and now a prominent mine owner; and your special correspondent. The day was fine, our spirits excellent, and the way was enlivened with stories, jokes, and fun, while we climbed and passed the range at a hight where the snows were around and below us. We reached Leadville at 5 P. M., tired and dusty, but well pleased with our journey.

We were landed safely at the Clarendon, one of the largest and best-kept hotels in the State, and noted for having been completed ready for guests in 27 days from the laying of the foundations. Here I met a crowd of old Chicago faces, whose kindly smiles greeted my coming to the Magic City. Of them and their fortunes in the Silver Land, more anon.

D. S. COVERT.

THE BODIE EXPLOSION.

Terrible Scenes After the Disaster.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 10.—A Bodie dispatch reports a terrible explosion of a powder magazine near the old standard. The Incline works were blown to atoms and everything near them leveled to the ground. The Summit works, a short distance off, were shattered to pieces. Many men were killed, but the number is not known at this writing. About 20 wounded men have been found thus far. It is not known how many, if any, have been injured in the shaft and underground works. The top of the shaft in the old incline is now on fire, but can surely be put out. The hills are black with people and the fire department is doing good work. James Hickey, foreman of the mine, is slightly hurt. At this time no estimate can be made of the number killed or wounded.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 10.—As far as can be learned at present, the following are the victims:

Killed—Frank Tyle, Thomas Flaherty William O'Brien, and several; other whose names are not yet obtained.

Wounded—A. D. Pierce, slightly; Tom Murphy, arm fractured; Mr. and Mrs. Chaff, slightly; Sullivan, engineer at the Standard, both eyes blown out and skull fractured, cannot live; William Hedge, leg broken; Thos. Gill, hurt in the face; Richard Palmer, hurt in the arm badly; Hugh McMillan, leg broken and internally injured; Joseph Hickey, hurt in the foot and otherwise severely injured; Mrs. McKinney and child were buried in the ruins of the boarding house and extricated with difficulty; John McMillan, buried in his cabin but taken out slightly injured.

The whole town is a hospital. Rumors fly around thickly, and every moment there are new scenes of more deaths and injuries. As far as heard from there are eight known to be dead and over 40 wounded, with prospects that many of them will die from their injuries. It is impossible to get particulars. Every body is excited. Women and children are crying and searching for the remains of loved ones. Probably many of them were blown into the air and their remains scattered broadcast.

Everything is being done that kind hearts and willing hands can do. The Miners' Union building was improvised into hospital rooms, and the Masons and Odd Fellows are active in their efforts to alleviate the sufferings of all. The shock was scarcely felt under ground. At a 200-foot level men felt a slight jar, but paid small attention to it. Fortunately the drifts had just been connected, so that no injury was done to any below ground. The shock was felt on the surface at a distance of 20 miles, it is learned by telegraph from Bridgeport.

THE BONAPARTISTS.

Prince Jerome Virtually Assumes the Chieftainship.

PARIS, July 10.—Permission has been refused Marshals Certain, Canrobert and Lebouf, and Admiral Lagraviere, to attend the funeral of the Prince Imperial. Prince Jerome Bonaparte has already virtually assumed the attitude of Chief of the Imperialists. It was represented to him that committees were working in every department and canton, that subsidized newspapers were advocating the cause of the Bonapartists, and that the faults of the present government were being skillfully and vigorously turned to account when the death of the Prince Imperial came to check a great and well-managed organization on the point of bearing fruit. Prince Jerome, who was only anxious at first to avoid being exiled, has become so strongly assured that his hour will soon come that he is prepared even to go into exile.

Maximillian Littre, the well-known philologist and member of the Institue, is permanently confined to his room.

The English Grain Trade.

LONDON, July 8.—The Mark Lane Express, in its review of the British grain trade for the past week, say: "The agricultural prospects cause very grave apprehensions. Should the rain continue the hay crop will be useless except as manure. The condition of the wheat is unimproved. Barley in heavy land is nearly ruined, and nothing but the speedy advent of sunshine can prevent the almost general failure of the principal crops. In consequence of the weather and light supplies in England wheat has improved a shilling per quarter in the majority of the country markets, but despite the firmness of holders it has been difficult to establish any advance for home-grown in London in the face of liberal arrivals and low prices of foreign varieties. Previous rates, however, have been well supported, especially for choice parcels, and the tendency is rather toward an advance than a decline.

The large foreign arrivals have not caused a scarcity of granary room, as a large proportion has gone direct to millers, who bought freely to arrive; transactions on spot have lately been confined to the retail wants of small millers. Maize has varied little, but is rather against sellers. Arrivals at ports of call have been small. Off-coast wheat was firm, at slightly improving prices, particularly toward the close. Maize was steady and unchanged. A good business was done in forward wheat, particularly for red winter, July, August and September shipments, and prices improved 6d. per quarter. Maize was not freely offered, though late cheap purchases could not be repeated, and the demand is still slack.

Last week's sales of English wheat amounted to 34,904 quarters at 42s 4d per quarter, against 18,202 quarters at 40s per quarter for the same period last year. The imports into the United Kingdom for the week ending June 28 amounted to 1,415,942 cwt. of wheat and 214, 288 cwt. of flour.

At Mark Lane to-day (Monday) the supply of English wheat was again small and prices advanced 1 a 2s. per quarter. The supply of foreign wheat was fair, and it advanced 1s. Flour advanced 6d per barrel, and oats 3a6d per quarter. Maize and barley were steady.

A man at the West End, who has a cross wife, says her parents must have had a prophetic glimpse into futurity when they named her Hope, because she is always displaying her ranchor.—*American Punch.*

Dr. Harter's IRON TONIC

Is a Preparation of IRON and CALISAYA BARK, in combination with the Phosphates.

Endorsed by the Medical Profession, and recommended by them for Dyspepsia, General Debility, Female Diseases, Want of Vitality, &c., &c.

Manufactured by the Dr. Harter Medicine Co., No. 913 N. Main Street, St. Louis

The following is one of the very many testimonials we are receiving daily.

Gentlemen.—Some three months ago I began the use of Dr. Harter's IRON TONIC, upon the advice of many friends who knew its virtues. I was suffering from general debility to such an extent that my labor was exceedingly burdensome to me. A vacation of a month did not give me much relief, but on the contrary, was followed by increased prostration and sinking chills. At this time I began the use of your IRON TONIC, from which I realized almost immediate and wonderful results. The old energy returned and I found that my natural force was not permanently impaired. I have used three bottles of the TONIC. Since using it I have done twice the labor that I ever did in the same time during my illness, and with double the ease. With the

R. R. R.

Radway's Ready Relief

CURES THE WORST PAINS

In from One to Twenty Minutes

NOT ONE HOUR

After reading this advertisement need any one SUFFER WITH PAIN.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF IS A CURE FOR EVERY PAIN.

It Was the first and is

The Only Pain Remedy

that instantly stops the most excruciating pains, allays inflammations, and cures Congestions, whether of the Lungs, Stomach, Bowels, or other glands or organs, by one application.

IN FROM ONE TO TWENTY MINUTES,

no matter how violent or excruciating the pain the RHEUMATIC, Bedridden, Infirm, Crippled, Nervous, Neuralgic, or prostrated with disease may suffer.

Radway's Ready Relief

WILL AFFORD INSTANT EASE,

INFLAMMATION OF THE KIDNEYS,

INFLAMMATION OF THE BLADDER,

INFLAMMATION OF THE BOWELS,

CONGESTION OF THE LUNGS,

SORE THROAT, DIFFICULT BREATHING,

PALPITATION OF THE HEART

HYSTERICS, CROUP, DIPHTHERIA,

CATARRH, INFLUENZA

HEADACHE, TOOTHACHE,

NEURALGIA, RHEUMATISM

COLD CHILLS, AGUE CHILLS,

CHILBLAINS AND FROSTBITES.

The application of the **Ready Relief** to the part or parts where pain or difficulty exists will afford ease and comfort.

Thirty to sixty drops in half a tumbler of water will in a few minutes cure CRAMPS, SPASMS, SOUR STOMACH, HEARTBURN, SICK HEADACHE, DIARRHŒA, DYSENTERY, COLIC, WIND IN THE BOWELS, and all INTERNAL PAINS.

Travellers should always carry a bottle of **Radway's Ready Relief** with them. A few drops in water will prevent sickness or pains from change of water. It is better than French Brandy or Bitters as a stimulant.

FEVER AND AGUE.

FEVER AND AGUE cured for fifty cents. There is not a remedial agent in this world that will cure fever and ague, Bilious, Typhoid, Malarious, Bilious, Typhoid, Yellow, and other Fevers aided by RADWAY'S PILLS so quick as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF. Fifty cents per bottle.

DR. RADWAY'S

SARSAPARILLIAN

RESOLVENT.

THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER.

Changes as Seen and Felt!

As They Daily Occur!

AFTER USING A FEW DOSES.

Blood taints, disappearance of weakness, lassitude, wretchedness, increase and keenness of flesh and muscle, rise of healthy animal spirits, appetite improves, relish for food, the bowels show evacuations of waterbrash, pyrosis, colic and undisturbed sleep awaken refreshed.

Disappearance of spots, blotches, pimples; the place of the latter filled with fine, healthy skin, more transparent and clearly appearance to a clear brunette; under tones freely from the cheeks through the system without pain or troubling little or no sediment; no taste of weak.

Marked diminution of quantity and frequency of involuntary weakening discharges, if affected in any way, with certainty of permanent cure, increase of vital energy, the nervous chain is and functional harmony restored to the several

Increase in the whites of the eyes, and the scarcely noticed appearance of the skin changed to a pearly, waxy and healthy color.

Digestive organs, liver, kidneys, bladder, nerves, and intestines, all of wonderful tonic power, resulting from the use of the SARSAPARILLIAN.

Day after day the SARSAPARILLIAN is found to show signs of returning health still appear; in the first week the patient will gain, in the first case will undoubtedly and all feeling and impure or poisonous matter, tumors, cancers, hard lumps, etc., be expelled from the system, and in their place will follow sound, healthy flesh, fever sores, chronic skin diseases rapidly disappear.

In a few days the system has been saturated with Nature's Curative Properties, and the patient will now begin to feel the benefit of the Sarsaparillian in the bones, joints, spinal cord, nerves, and vital organs, while the wasted tissues, muscles, and nerves will receive their full nourishment, and the whole body will gradually exterminate the virus of the disease from the system.

Nothing can be more startling than the statements for the cure of Chronic, Scrofulous, or Syphilitic diseases, by the use of the Sarsaparillian, that have been and are daily being made public. In these diseases it has proved itself the potent remedy, and in the cure of the Blood taints, or Impurities, it is positive. In these diseases, whether of a mercurial, Syphilitic, Scrofulous, or Cancerous nature, the Sarsaparillian will be found to be the potent remedy, and therefore if not accessible, and driven from the blood it will appear and drive from the system, and in place of the disease and suffering will establish perfect health. Persons may now well grow better and increase in flesh and weight every day.

The great power of this remedy is in diseases that threaten death—as in

CONSUMPTION

of the Lungs and Tuberculous Phthisis, Sore Throat, Syphilitic Ulcerous Mouth, Tongue, Throat, and Nose, Scrofulous Tumors, Swellings, Ulcerations, and Cancerous Humors, Erysipelas, Malignant Pustules, Boils, Carbuncles, Ringworm, Scald Head, Nameless and Painful Diseases of the Kidneys, Bladder, and Urinary Organs, Gravel, Calculus, Dropsical Swellings, Suppression or Retention of Urine, Incontinence of Urine, Diabetes, Stricture of the Urethra, Gleet, Chronic Inflammation of the Kidneys, Bladder, Prostate Gland, Pain in the Back, Spine, and Kidneys, Female Complaints, Ulceration of the Womb, Leucorrhœa, Painful and Suppressed Menstruation, Sterility, Impotency, Involuntary Emissions, Sexual Debility, and all Diseases of the Sexual Organs, whether existing in Male or Female, from whatever cause originating, and in all cases of

Inflammation of the Bladder and Kidneys,

in chronic cases of Leucorrhœa and Uterine disease. In tumors, ulcers, hard lumps, and syphilitic ulcers, in dropsy, in venereal sore throat, ulcers, and all blotches on the skin, in scrofula, in mercurial affection, rheumatism, in mercurial deposits—it is in these terrible forms of disease, where the human body has become a mass of corruption, and where every hour of existence is torture, wherein this great remedy challenges the astonishment and admiration of the world. In all the above complaints, and all disorders of existence appear out of from the unfortunate, and by its wonderful, almost supernatural energy it is restored to health and vigor, and here, wherein this great remedy stands alone, and where it is positive.

In the ordinary skin diseases that every one is more or less troubled with a few doses will in most cases, and a few days in the more aggravated forms, work a permanent cure.

Those afflicted with chronic diseases should persevere in the use of the SARSAPARILLIAN. Price $1 per bottle, or 6 bottles for $5. Sold by druggists.

DR. RADWAY'S REGULATING PILLS

Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated with sweet gum, purge, regulate, purify, cleanse and strengthen. Radway's Pills for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Headache, Constipation, Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Fever, Inflammation, Worms, Piles and all derangements of the Internal Viscera. Warranted to effect a positive and radical cure, containing no mercury, mineral or deleterious drugs.

Observe the following symptoms resulting from Disorders of the Digestive Organs: Constipation, Inward Piles, Fullness of the Blood in the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust of Food, Fullness of weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinkings or Flutterings in the Pit of the Stomach, Swimming of the Head, Hurried and Difficult Breathing, Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a lying posture, Dots or Webs before the Sight, Fever and Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Chest and Limbs, and sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh.

A few doses of Radway's Pills will free the System from all of the above named disorders. Price 25 Cents per box. Sold by Druggists.

Read "FALSE AND TRUE."

Send a letter stamp to RADWAY & Co., No. 32 Warren Street, New York.

Information worth thousands will be sent to

News of the Week.

THE CAPITAL.

A dispatch says a special agent of the postoffice department arrested in New Mexico a mail robber belonging to a gang of Texas highwaymen. The judge granted an order of removal to Texas for trial, but the United States Marshal had no money to pay the necessary expenses. He telegraphed the Marshal of Texas but the latter was in the same condition. The postoffice agent thereupon started for Texas with his prisoner, the stage companies carrying him on trust, and the agent providing provisions for the 800 mile journey and guarding the desperado night and day himself.

At Washington July 8, a letter received from Mississippi from Jefferson Davis, referring to the reports that the name of Mr. Davis would be presented to the Mississippi Legislature as a candidate for the United States Senate, says: "You may contradict it positively and by authority."

A dispatch says a full report of all the promotions and army changes made by President Hayes since September 2, 1878, show that two officers have been advanced to the rank of Brigadier General, 12 to the rank of Colonel, 18 to the rank of Lieutenant Colonel, 30 to the rank of Major, 76 to the rank of Captain, and that 82 Second Lieutenants have had the official distance between themselves and Gen. Sherman reduced by one step. It will also show that 12 officers have been retired from active service on their own application, four by order of the President under the 62-years-of-age law, 45 on account of disability incident to the service, two for disability not incident to the service, and two wholly retired; also that there have been nine resignations, 20 deaths, four dismissals and one desertion.

All free delivery Cities have been divided into two classes with a view to classifying letter carriers. First class is Baltimore, Boston, Brooklyn, Buffalo, Chicago, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Detroit, Indianapolis, Jersey City, Louisville, Milwaukee, Newark, New York, New Orleans, Philadelphia, Pittsburg, Providence, Rochester, St. Louis, San Francisco and Washington. All other Cities where the free delivery system is in operation, 65 in number, are second class. Salaries of carriers in second class Cities has been fixed at $850 per annum, excluding auxiliary and subordinate carriers, and their back pay is left for adjustment. Postmasters in first class Cities will soon designate carriers for first and second grades.

The following circular, which has just been issued from the Treasury Department, seems to indicate that Secretary Sherman is determined to follow more closely than has hitherto been the case, the law which requires, other things being equal, that Federal appointments be given to honorably discharged Union soldiers and sailors. The following is the circular:

Treasury Department, Office of the Secretary, Washington, July 3, 1879.—To Collectors of Customs and Internal Revenue, Assistant Treasurers and other principal officers of the Treasury Department: Hereafter, when submitting nominations for appointment to subordinate positions under your direction, you will state, in addition to other information now required, the service of the nominee in the Union army or navy during the rebellion.

JOHN SHERMAN, Secretary.

A dispatch says the Secretary of the Treasury requests holders of 10-40 called bonds to forward them to the Department as soon as possible. He says it will be physically impossible to redeem promptly on the 18th and 21st inst., very large amounts then falling due, unless the bonds are received at an early day. If sent forward at once, they will be remitted for at maturity.

It is announced that the Treasury Department has disposed of the remaining five per cent. District of Columbia bonds, $466,000 at 101 11-16 with the exception of 47 100 at 105.

It is stated that the Treasury department has never experienced no difficulty in securing all the silver required for coining the standard silver dollars at the Philadelphia mint. In purchasing for the Western mint however, there has been much difficulty, as nearly all that offered for delivery at San Francisco and Carson City during several months past has been from 1 to 2¼ cents per ounce above the market rate. At the regular weekly opening on Wednesday last, all offers from the West were above the market rate and were consequently declined. Sec. Sherman, however, made parties offering large lots of silver, counter offers of what he considered the market price. Nearly all of them accepted. No difficulty is securing silver for the Western mint is therefore apprehended under this new plan of buying. About 400,000 ounces of silver were purchased during the present week.

A comparison between the issues of stamped invelopes and postal cards for 1878 and 1879, shows that the total value of this year's issue is $29,539,050, an increase of $971,866 over the value of those last year. The increase in the number of ordinary postage stamps issued is only 4.59 per cent, as compared with the increases of 7.66 per cent. in 1878 over 1877. This comparative falling off is due to the effect of the new law for the compensation of Postmasters, which having for its basis the number of stamps cancelled, instead of the number sold, has put a stop to speculative purchases. There is a decrease in the value and number of newspapers and periodical stamps and stamped envelopes and wrappers. There were 221,807,000 postal cards issued, an increase of more than 10 per cent. The increase in the value of sales to the public between the two years is $1,003,218.

David C. Humphreys, since 1870 one of the Judges of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia, died on Monday.

The Attorney General has issued a circular to the United States Marshals, dated July 12th, in which he says: To enable the Department to keep the court expenses within the limit of each appropriation it will be necessary for you to set forth the items of your requisitions with great care. You will make a requisition against each appropriation for the amount estimated. This apportionment of funds will require you to keep your accounts, so it may be known how much money is in your hands to the credit of each appropriation at any given time. Such accounts will serve as a basis of subsequent requisitions and reports, and your weekly itemized statements must correspond to each separate appropriation. Requisitions are only to be made for fees of jurors and witnesses, for the support of United States prisoners, and for miscellaneous expenses.

A circular was issued to postmasters Monday by the Acting Assistant Postmaster General, relative to the entry of second-class matter. Section 189 of the postal laws and regulations provides that after a publication has been determined to be of second-class character, the publisher thereof may, if he so desires, formally enter the same at the postoffice where mailed and print upon each copy thereof the words "entered at the postoffice at —— as second-class matter." After quoting this section the circular continues, "the publication so entered and having printed upon each copy the words as above may be exchanged at second-class rates with other second-class publications, and may be regularly sent at second-class rates as complimentary to customers or business agents of publication, and to other persons solely in the interest of the publication itself or its publisher or the employes of such. The unauthorized printing by a publisher, of the words herein prescribed or their equivalent, will render him liable to a penalty not less than one hundred nor more than five hundred dollars." The circular in conclusion sets forth that the department very much desires that the entry of second-class matter may be made univer sal at all Postoffices, and directs Postmasters to call the attention of publishers to the facts in regard thereto as contained in the circular.

The outstanding 10-40 bonds will be called in by the Secretary of the Treasury during the present month. One call for 10 millions was made July 9, another for 160 millions will be made on the 18th, and all the remainder amounting to 20 millions and a fraction will be called on the 21st.

EAST.

At Reading Pa., July 14, the moulders, 140 in number, employed at the Reading Hardware Works, struck for higher wages at the close of business Saturday. The proprietors notified them that the works would be closed one month. At a meeting of the moulders during the evening, it is rumored, a general strike was ordered, to commence Monday morning. About 1,000 moulders are employed at the various Lardware works and foundries in the City.

A New York dispatch says sale of $12,000,000 of the new 4-per cents has been effected by the First National Bank to J. S. Morgan & Co., London, at a price equivalent to about 101¼, the New York quotations. This closes out the amount taken by the Syndicate in April.

WEST.

At Akron, O., June 9, in the Summit County Court of Common Pleas, Judge Tibbals made the order asked by the Franco-Egyptian Paris bank, and others in interest, for the sale of the Atlantic & Great Western Railroad, but not before February next. He also overruled the objection to the consolidated mortgage bonds issued by the trustees just after the reorganization, holding that the presumption is that no road could have a sufficient accumulation from its earnings, to pay cash for the great line it had purchased, and hence the issuing of mortgage bonds would be an inevitable step. The attorneys for Bischoffscheim & Goldsmith, London, are expecting the point to be argued hereafter.

A dispatch says the Comptroller of the Currency has declared a dividend of 10 per cent. in favor of the creditors of the First National Bank of Frankford, Ind., making all dividends 65 per cent.; also a dividend of 10 per cent. in favor of the creditors of the First National Bank of Winchester, Ills., making all dividends 60 per cent.

At Chicago, July 10, the official announcement is made that hereafter the Western Union Railway and its branches will be operated directly by the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul, and will be known as the Racine & Southwestern division of that line.

At Cincinnati, July 8, the sixth National Convention of the German Young Men's Christian Association of America assembled. It being the first Convention where bona fide delegates only were admitted, great interest was felt in the meeting. The annual reports of officers gave marked evidence of the growth of the organization during the past year. The following officers were elected: President, F. Mashmeyer, jr., of St. Louis; Vice President, H. W. Teechter, of Cincinnati; Corresponding Secretary, L. Below, of St. Louis; Treasurer, L. Schwartz, of St. Louis.

SOUTH.

At New Orleans July 10, at a meeting of the State Board of Health, resolutions were adopted setting forth that New Orleans was never healthier, being entirely free from yellow fever and remarkably free from all kinds of diseases. The port is rigidly quarantined, and great care is given to the sanitary condition of the City. It was resolved that in order to continue this healthy condition it is the duty of the Board to enforce the rules and regulations suggested by the National Board of Health. The President of the Board was further authorized to establish a quarantine against Memphis both by rail and river, and to place inspectors on all trains entering the State. Dr. S. M. Bemiss, of the National Board of Health, is co-operating with the State Board.

The Mississippi Baptist State Convention, called to meet at Sardis, July 17th, is indefinitely postponed.

FOREIGN.

GREAT BRITAIN.

A dispatch says John Joseph Mechi, a noted scientific agriculturist, writes to the London Times as follows: "Another week of flooding storms and low temperature has put the finishing stroke to agricultural disaster. It is now too late for crops to recover. They are considerably injured even on well farmed and drained lands, while on ill-farmed and undrained lands the matter is simply ruinous. Wheat will suffer less than the spring crops. Weeding is hopeless, and unless we get the promised hot and dry weather many grass and clover crops and even peas will rot ungathered."

At London July 15, published statistics show a movement for the reduction in output is spreading in the cotton districts. In addition to the depression at Blackburn and Oldham, already reported, 450,000 spindles at Preston are stopped, out of an aggregate of 2,000,000. One quarter of the looms at Preston are also stopped. At Accrington work is very irregular, particularly in the weaving departments.

Germany.

Van Edwards in his financial article, says, "the coinage exigencies of Germany are incompatible with the further Treasury sales of silver. It is generally believed that Germany will ultimately return to the double standard, in which case she would become a purchaser of silver.

Bills have been introduced in the Bundesrath for obliteration of those articles of the German constitution by which the Legislature must meet and the budget be voted annually, and by which duration of parliaments is fixed at three years. The bill, which proposes to substitute biennial meetings of parliament and biennial budgets, has created considerable sensation, as tending to further free the Government from parliamentary control. The technical reason alleged for the change is the inconvenience of dissolving the two budgets, Prussians and Imperial, in the same year. It was suggested sometime ago that they might be taken up in alternate years. The creation of a department for the control of the Imperial railways is also regarded as a step towards rendering the Government less dependent on parliament.

France.

Le France declares that the United States are in favor of a treaty with France, but not on a basis of free trade. In any case no treaty will be made with the United States until that now under negotiation with England is concluded.

At Paris July 15, the Budget Committee of the Chamber of Deputies, and the Senatorial Committee, have pronounced in favor of France taking an active part in opening up Central Africa.

A Commission to examine the project for uniting Algeria and Senegal to Soudan by railway, has been appointed. It includes Delesseps, various Senators and Deputies, and a number of engineers.

Servia.

It is said that the Servian Government has advanced a claim for 3,000,000 francs against the Porte on account of raids by Albanians into Servian territory. If the Porte repudiates the claim, as is probable, it is thought that Servia will refuse to bear the proportion of the Turkish debt allotted to her by the treaty of Berlin in consideration of her increase of territory.

Cutting Passenger Rates—In Which the Wabash is Interested.

ST. LOUIS, July 14.—The Chicago & Alton Road has cut passenger rates between here and Jefferson City. It is not known whether the Missouri Pacific, the competing Road, will do likewise. It is asserted that the Chicago & Alton are also selling round trip tickets from here to Hayes City on the Kansas City & Pacific, much below other roads.

Representatives of the Chibago & Alton, Wabash, Vandalia and Hamilton & St. Joe Roads had a conference here yesterday to discuss the advisability of advancing passenger rates from Kansas City to the East, but nothing was done, owing to the refusal of General Manager Hopkins, of the Wabash, to agree upon any compromise.

The Southern extension of the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Road to Los Veges, New Mexico, 118 miles south of Colorado, has just been completed and open for traffic.

THE DEAD BONAPARTE.

Funeral Ceremonies at London and Paris.

LONDON, July 10.—On account of the removal of the body of the Prince Imperial from the royal arsenal at Woolwich to Chiselhurst Saturday, the whole distance will be traversed at a walking pace, the procession reaching Camden House about 8 o'clock. The whole Woolwick garrison will proceed separately to Chiselhurst to participate.

Funeral bells will be tolled as the corpse leaves Woolwich.

On arriving at Camden House the coffin will be carried by officers of artillery into the hall, where the body of the Emperor lay in state. The hall will be draped in white. The corpse will remain until 11 o'clock, during which time the mass of requiem will be celebrated in the presence of a select party by Father Gordard, chaplain to the Empress.

Officers will then replace the body on a gun carriage a procession will be formed consisting of the first class of Cadets of the Military Academy with reversed arms a mounted band of Artillery, and then the coffin.

The mourners are expected to include the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Cannaught and Duke of Cambridge, besides French notables. The Church of St. Mary is distant only half a mile from the house but procession will follow a devious route to avoid declivities. It is expected that there will be a crowd of 100,000 spectators present. The Fifth Lancers will keep the route.

Three batteries of the artillery on the Common will fire minute guns during the progress of the procession. The Cadets will fire three rifle volleys as the body enters the Church. Officers will carry the coffin from the gun carriage and file out of the side door, leaving the remaining duties to the friends of the deceased.

The ceremonies will consist of a short mass, and will probably be concluded by noon. Three chairs used by the Imperial family have been placed inside the altar rail. Ex-Empress Eugenie will occupy her chair, and members of the Bonaparte family present will be stationed outside of the rail of the sanctuary, on the right and left of the altar, and members of the House hold in the front. The pavilion on the deck of the "Enchantress" has been fitted up as a mortuary.

The following are already at Chiselhurst to attend the funeral: Duke and Duchess of Mouchy, Prince Murat Rouhe, wife and daughter, and Princess of Moskowa. It is probable that Prince Jerome Bonaparte will be present. Princess Clothide and her sons will certainly be present.

LONDON, July 11.—The latest changes made in the arrangements for the funeral of the Prince Imperial are as follows: The body of the Prince, instead of remaining all night in the armory at Woolwich, will, after it has been identified, be escorted to Camden House this evening and will remain there all night. Queen Victoria will be at Camden House Saturday, and will there witness the passage of the funeral procession. Neither the Queen nor the ex-Empress Eugenie will participate in the procession or be present at the church during the service, which will be conducted by the Bishop of Southwark. The Prince of Wales, Duke of Edinburgh, Duke of Connaught and Duke of Cambridge will, during the service, sit on the right of the Imperial catafalque. The coffin will remain in the church all day Saturday, and be removed to the sacristy at night.

Three hundred passengers from Paris arrived in London yesterday by one train, to attend the funeral. The steam yacht "Enchantress," with the remains of the Prince Imperial, has arrived in the Thames, but will lie below Woolwich till 4 o'clock this afternoon.

LONDON, July 12.—It is announced that the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Edinburgh, the Duke of Connaught and the Crown Prince of Sweden will be pallbearers at the funeral of the Prince Imperial. Various accounts mention that there is ill feeling in France at the great demonstration of mourning in England. No member of the French Embassy in London will be present at the funeral.

In the French Senate Friday, a motion to postpone the nomination of a committee on the Jules Ferry education bill because of the absence of the Bonapartists was resisted by Pelleton (Republican) on the ground that they were not absent because of the general sentiment of mourning on their part, but had gone to England in search of a pretender. The nomination of a committee was eventually postponed till Tuesday.

Marshal Canrobert has gone to England despite the official prohibition against his attendance at the funeral. When the coffin was opened yesterday the features of the Prince were much disfigured, but were recognized by the teeth. Uhlman, the Prince Imperial's valet, fainted twice at the sight of the remains and was removed with difficulty.

A dispatch says at an early hour this morning, Woolwich common presented an animated appearance, on the occasion of the assemblage of troops detailed to take part in the funeral parade of the late Prince Imperial at Chiselhurst. The soldiers all wore insigna of mourning, and seemed affected by the mournfulness of the occasion. Large numbers of inhabitants of Woolwich, Greenwich and Charlton were present to watch the departure of the troops. A majority wearing mourning. The parading column was formed in the following order:

One troop of the Fifth Royal Irish Lancers; riding establishment of royal artillery; mounted band royal artillery; four batteries royal horse artillery; service wagon with 20 rounds of ammunition; Cadets of Royal Military Academy. Upon their arrival at Chiselhurst the column was received by a guard of honor formed of one company of the First Battalion of the Twenty-third Pusiliers, of Waterloo fame. The troops then formed again and marched to Chiselhurst Common. Here a halt was made near the north entrance of Camden Place, where they formed a guard of honor and firing party. Never before have so many representatives of the royal family been present as this morning are gathered to participate in the last honor to the remains of the Prince Imperial.

At the head of the coffin last night, two Sisters of Mercy knelt in prayer, while the candles ranged about threw a tender light upon the face of the dead Prince. All save the sisters and priest withdrew, and the ex-Empress entered. What took place as she gazed upon the face of her dead son is not and probably will not soon be known. All that is known is that when she came from the room she was calm, and all sign of violent grief, if there was any, had disappeared.

LONDON, July 12—4 P. M.—The funeral cortege commenced moving at 11:05. The pall bearers were in uniform. An immense wreath, bestowed by Queen Victoria, was carried on the coffin, which was invisible because of the mass of flowers. Prince Jerome Bonaparte and sons followed the coffin. The British Ministry were represented by Frederick Stanley and Michael Hicks Beach. The procession was about three quarters of a mile long. The rear was brought up by a second militia band. There were present deputations of French military students and workmen from Paris, Lille, and other centers of French industry. It is stated that the ex-Empress did not visit the coffin until 3 o'clock this morning. She remained over it in an agony of grief until 7 o'clock when she fell asleep, and was removed to her chamber.

The favorite horse of the Prince was led after the coffin. At the conclusion of the services in the church the members of the French Senate and Chamber of Deputies in attendance and deputations of workmen filed around the coffin, sprinkling it with holy water and scattering immortelles.

LONDON, July 12.—The funeral of the Prince Imperial took place in accordance with the arrangements already published. In addition to the notable persons heretofore mentioned, the Russian, German and Danish Ambassadors to England were present. A body of Paris workmen viewed the coffin previous to the funeral. It is estimated that various sympathisers brought boquets and wreaths sufficient to fill two vans. Nillson was in a chair at the church of St. Mary.

LONDON, July 12.—The weather is fine but cool. Crowds of people dressed in mourning, including a large proportion of French, thronged the London Railway station as early as 6 o'clock this morning. The entrance to the Camden House is draped with cream colored tapestry. Princess Beatrice, Prince of Wales, Prince Christian and Prince Edward of Saxeweimar, have arrived.

A TRUTH.

How the Poor Witness Fares on the Stand.

Cairo Bulletin.

The manner in which attorneys question witnesses is exasperating to the intelligent listener beyond expression. The great purpose of the average criminal lawyer, for instance, is to draw from the witness all the facts in his possession except the facts that touch the case under consideration.

A countryman, chopping down a tree, stops his work and buries his axe up to the eye in the brain of his brother-in-law. The witness who saw the whole bloody transaction is brought into Court, and his examination runs about thus:

"You say that the prisoner was chopping a tree down. Now, will you please tell the Court and jury where he bought the axe?"

"You don't know; very well, sir; we'll see about that."

"Now, sir, look at the jury—don't stare in that helpless manner at me—now sir, do you say, upon your oath, that the defendant stole that axe before he left Paducah?"

"You do say so, eh? Well, now mark me, sir. How many feet was it from the tree the defendant was chopping to the nearest grist mill? You can't say."

"Was it 10 feet?"

"Certainly, a good deal more."

"Well, then, was it a thousand miles?"

"Oh, certainly not."

"The Court and the jury will please observe the stubbornness of this witness. It is manifestly his purpose to keep from the jury the facts they ought to know."

"Now, sir, who owned that mill?"

The witness innocently inquires, "What milly?" but soon repents it.

"The jury will please observe the exasperating contumaciousness of this witness, his evasion and his manifest purpose to confuse your minds as to the facts involved in this terrible murder."

"Now, sir, look me in the face. You have solemnly sworn that the man was chopping near a mill. Will you now dare say—look at the jury, sir—that there was no mill within 1,000 miles of the tree the defendant was felling?"

"I don't say anything of the kind."

"The jury will please note that answer."

"Now, see here, my friend—we've had about enough of this. You first declared that there was no mill, and now you brazenly avow there was a mill near the wood chopper—"

"I said there was no mill within 10 fee—"

"Never do you mind what you said—I know what you said, and the jury knows; and now, sir, listen to me."

"Who made your boots?"

"You don't know? Is there anything under God's heavens that you do know? There, there! Look at the jury—not at me. And now, perhaps, you can tell the jury what your name is?"

The witness tells his name.

"Now, sir—look at the jury—how long did you live there?"

The witness timidly asks, "Lived where?" when the attorney springs to his feet;

"May it please the Court and Jury, I find this witness utterly incorrigible, stubborn, mulish and bent upon keeping back the very facts the jury must have. He has clearly been tampered with and comes here with the manifest intention of browbeating and worrying both the jury and the bar. I have temporized with him, I have led him gently from point to point in the hope of beguiling him into a true recital of the facts connected with this dreadful murder, and what is my reward for this considerate kindness and forbearance. Speaking under the sanctity of an oath, he tells the Court and Jury that he doesn't know where he lives, and has asked me to tell him! Great God! can such things be, and not overcome us? I ask, your Honor, that this witness be sent to jail for contumacy, to remain there until he expresses a willingness to tell what he knows about this dreadful murder."

The Court then admonishes the witness that further trifling will not be permitted; that he must answer the gentleman's questions, or he'll certainly feel called upon to commit him to prison.

The witness by this time is bewildered, scared, dazed, and indulges in contradictions and absurdities as fast and as often as the attorney requires him to; and, finally, leaving the stand, it is a quarter of an hour at least before he can recall his own name or fix his own identity. The attorney then gets upon his feet, tears the wretched witness' contradictory and foolish rigmarole all to tatters, and asks the Court that it be excluded from the jury as false and nonsensical.

And that is one of the ways many of our average criminal lawyers adopt "to draw out the facts" in great murder cases.

LA CREME DES CHRONIQUES.

What the Alleged Wits of Paris Find to Say in Their Papers.

Sunday World.

"Rash, sinful man," said upbraidingly the Chaplain to the prisoner, "suppose you were to die now, what sort of a conscience would you die with, eh?"

"Oh, my conscience is as good as new; I never used it a bit," said the prisoner proudly.

* * *

At 7 A. M. two duellists, who are to fight to the death at a place in the suburbs, meet at the ticket office of the railroad station.

"Gimme a return ticket as usual," says the first duellist to the clerk in a terrible tone and with a ferocious twist of his mustache.

"I say, do you always buy return tickets?" stammers his opponent.

"Always."

"Then I apologize."

* * *

Two literary friends:

"Well, old fel, since neither of us has anything to do to-night suppose I read you my new farce, eh?"

"With pleasure, my dear boy, on condition that you let me read you this little poem of mine first—it's no end good."

"You'd better listen to my farce first—it isn't long."

"Oh, no; my poem'll only take an hour. Let's have that first."

"By Jove, now that I think of it, I've promised to meet a fellow down town."

"Lucky you reminded me of it—so have I. I had forgotten all about it. Well, ta-ta. Next time we meet we'll read"——

"Oh, certainly, by all means. Good by." (Exeunt severally.)

* * *

Mme. de F., who babbles as she goes, has had her portrait painted by a fashionable artist.

"Very successful, don't you think?" says one critic; "quite a speaking likeness."

"Yes; one could almost fancy that it could talk if the original would only give it a chance to get a word in edgeways."

It is not a cure-all; but for diseases of the Kidneys, Bladder, or Urinary Organs, Day's Kidney Pad is the first cure yet discovered. DAY KIDNEY PAD CO., sole proprietors, Toledo, O. Send for pamphlet—"How a Life was Saved."

It is Worth a Trial.

"I was troubled for many years with kidney complaint, gravel, etc.; my blood was thin; I was dull and inactive; could hardly crawl about, and was an old worn out man all over, and could get nothing to help me, until I got Hop Bitters, and now I am a boy again. My blood and kidneys are all right, and I am as active as a man of 30, although I am 72, and I have no doubt it will do as well for others of my age. It is worth the trial."—FATHER.

The Markets.

General Produce.

DETROIT, July 15.—Flour is steady. Wheat steady; extra, 113c asked; No. 1 white, 109½c; seller July, 109½c; seller August, 106¾c bid; seller September, 107¾c; milling No. 1, nominally 101½c. Receipts of wheat, 1,583 bu; shipments, 18,783 bu.

CINCINNATI, July 15.—Flour quiet at $4 70@5 75. Wheat firm at 98@100c. Corn firm at 40@41c. Oats quiet at 33@35c. Whisky firm at 104c. Provisions—Pork nominal. Lard firmer at $5 87½ bid. Bulk meats quiet; shoulders at $3 40; short ribs, $4 45; short clear, $4 75. Bacon in good demand, light offerings; $4 12½@$5 15 and $5 20@5 37½.

MILWAUKEE, July 15.—Breadstuffs—Wheat—The market declined 1c@1½c; noon board closed weak at 100c for hard; 100c for No 2, cash; 99½c seller July; 98¼c seller August; 97c seller September; 88½c for No. 3; 81½c for No 4; 76c for rejected; receipts, 38,900 bu.; shipments, 47,900 bu. Corn—Market steady at 39½c for No 2. Oats—Market steady at 30½c for No 2. Rye—Market steady at 53c for No 1. Barley—Market steady at 67c for No 2.

PHILADELPHIA, July 14.—Breadstuffs—Flour—market sluggish with a limited demand; Indiana fair to choice, $6 50; western extras, $5 75; Ohio extra choice, $5 50@6 00; good, $5 00@5 62½. Wheat in good demand; No. 2 red in elevator, 113c. Corn very strong; rejected on track and at grain depot, 47@48c; steamer do., 48c; sail mixed, 48½@49c; yellow western do., 53c. Oats, market quiet; mixed western, 37@38c; white western, 38½@39c.

TOLEDO, WEDNESDAY MORNING, July 16.—Wheat—The market has been fairly active, and with the large amounts of new grain arriving it bids fair to remain active and firm at present prices for some time to come. We quote: Spot Amber, 110½c; new, 108c. In options, seller July is going at 106@106c; No. 2 Amber, 106c. White Wheat is dull; No. 3 White bringing 105c. No. 2 Red Wabash spot, new, 104½c; seller July, 106½c; seller August, 103½c; seller September, 104½c; new No. 3 Red Wabash, 105c; No. 2 Amber Illinois, 107½c; new spot Western Amber, 103½c; seller July, 106c. The Corn market is very dull and prices are nominally unchanged. Oats still continue flat at about previous quotations, without sales.

CHICAGO, July 15.—The Wheat market is weak and lower; No. 2 red winter, 101c cash; 103c seller July; 102½c seller August; No. 2 spring, 100c cash; 100½c seller July; 99½c seller August; 86½c seller September. Corn weak and lower; 36½c cash; 36¾c bid seller August; 37c asked seller September. Oats heavy and lower; 30¼c cash; 27½c seller August; 26½c seller September. Rye unchanged at 50c. Pork steady; $8 75 cash; $8 82½ bid seller August; $8 72½ bid seller September. Lard firmer; $5 32½ cash; $5 90 bid seller September. Whiskey lower at 106c. Hogs—Receipts, 7,000 head; market quiet; light firmer at $3 90@4 10; packing nominal at $3 40@3 60; shipping, $3 75@3 90.

ST. LOUIS, July 14.—Breadstuffs—Flour unchanged. Wheat active and higher, but declined at the close; No 2 red, 96¾@100c cash, according to location; 96¾@98c seller July; 96@97½c seller August; 86¾@97¾c seller September; No. 3 do, 85¾@93¾c. Corn quiet; 35¾c bid cash and seller August; 35¾c asked seller September. Oats easier; 30¼@30½c cash; 30½c bid seller July; 28¾c seller August. Rye better; 49½c bid cash. Whisky at 106c. Pork quiet at $9 62½, free on board. Dry Salt meats nominal. Bacon—shoulders, $4 10@4 15; long clear, $5 25; short clear, $5 60; short ribs, $5 80@5 85. Lard—$5 10. Lard—no market. Receipts—Flour, 4,591 bbls; wheat, 136,000 bu; corn, 20,600 bu; oats, —— bu; rye, none; barley none. Shipments—Flour, 6,896 bbls; wheat, 82,000 bu; corn, 9,000 bu; oats, 2,000 bu; rye and barley none. Hogs strong; choice Yorkers to Britimores, $3 75@3 90; good heavy shipping, $3 55@3 85; rough, $3 20@3 55. Receipts, 1,196 head; shipments, 1,000 head.

NEW YORK, July 15.—Cotton—The market is quiet; 12 1-16c for middling uplands. Flour is reported as steady, quiet and unchanged in prices; receipts, 8,000 bbls; sales, 11,000 bbls; common choice extra western, $4 20@4 35; $4 15@6 00 for Round Hoop Ohio. Rye Flour steady and unchanged. Wheat—Market is a shade better in prices and moderately active; receipts, 130,000 bu; sales, 184,000 bu; No. 2 Red seller July, 1.18½c. Rye is firmer; 62@63c for Western; 66@66c for free and Canada. Corn is reported to-day as somewhat firm; receipts, 134,000 bush; sales, 30,000 bush; 54¼@55c for western mixed. Barley dull and nominal. Oats firm; receipts, 10,000 bu; sales, 32,000 bu; 30@40c for mixed western; 39½@41c for white. Pork is about steady at $9 75. Beef is steady. Lard reported steadier at $5 15. Butter—7@15c. Cheese — @9c. Whiskey 105c. Sugar—6¾@6¾c. Eggs — 10@15c. Petroleum—6¾@6¾c for crude, in tbls; 6¾c for refined. Tallow—5 15-16@6c. Coal very quiet. Leather firm at 23@28c. Wool dull at —@—. Receipts, July 15—Flour—3,000 bbls; wheat, 40